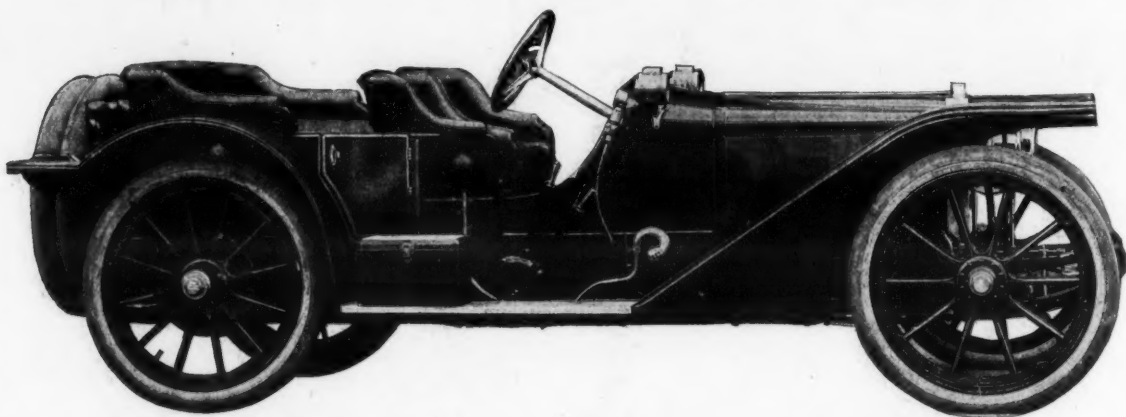


Collier's



Of the 1910 American we can only say what has been repeatedly said by every owner of a 1909 American and every other model which has preceded it:—

THE CAR THAT NEVER ENCOUNTERS A SUPERIOR —AND RARELY MEETS AN EQUAL



THE AMERICAN

"A car for the discriminating few"

The American is bought by men who take personal pride in owning a car which will never yield precedence to any other.

It is built for those who seek the ultimate in motor car construction.

The American owner who drives to his country club or other rendezvous where he will encounter many cars of the highest repute feels serenely sure that his "American" will do him honor, no matter what the company.

Knowing the resources of his magnificent $5\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ engine, he is cheerfully certain that its power supply will enable his American to "show its heels" to the speediest and most powerful car he meets.

He knows that in that excellent test of a car's rightness and efficiency—a "get-away" free from grinding noise, fuss and hesitation—the instantaneous responsiveness of the American will shine by contrast.

That characteristic of the American, by the way—the way in which it eats up the ground the instant the engine starts—is one you will not find developed to the same point of perfection in any other car.

Let the American start side by side with the best and most costly car known to you—and watch results.

While the other fine car is trembling and groaning in preparation—the American, without a sign or a sound, has shot like an arrow from a bow and is half way down the block.

And you have a fair criterion, in the superiority of this *starting quality* if we can call it so, of the behavior and construction of the American throughout.

In every community you will find it in the hands of men who can afford to pick and choose—who are not restrained by price from owning the finest of the fine.

Wherever it is driven by these men it never encounters a superior and seldom meets an equal.

For the coming year the American line will consist of five models—The most splendid examples of motor car construction that this plant has ever produced.

These models are:—

The Traveler, the Roadster and the Speedster, equipped with the famous American underslung frame; the Tourist, seven passenger, and the Limousine, seven passenger.

Cylinder bore, $5\frac{3}{4}$ in.; stroke $5\frac{1}{2}$ in., on all models save the Speedster, with bore of $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. All models but the Speedster, 50 H. P.; Speedster 60 H. P. Double ignition system—Bosch high tension magneto and single unit coil. Tires—Traveler, 40x4 in., front and rear; Roadster, 40x4 in., front and rear; Tourist, 36x4 in. front, 36x5 in. rear; Limousine, 36x4 in. front, 36x5 in. rear; Speedster, 36x4 in. front, 36x4½ in. rear. Two inch spokes used in all wheels; and the car is equipped with F. & S. imported ball bearings throughout.

If you are interested in a car of the sort the American is, get in touch with the factory for the details of the 1910 models.

AMERICAN MOTOR CAR CO., DEPT. M Indianapolis, Ind.

STANDARD MANUFACTURERS A. M. C. M. A.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

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(23)

Send

THE

A Four-Passenger Coupe with removable top which may be replaced with Leather Victoria or Buggy top. Exide, Waverley or National Batteries. Choice of solid or pneumatic tires.

Price, \$2,250



Waverley

**1910
Models**

*Perfection of
Style and Service
In an Electric*

No Other Electric Carriage

Has this Grace—this Noiselessness—this Safety—this Comfort

Waverley Electric carriages are built in the largest electric carriage factory in the world. No other factory has such facilities. This is why we can turn out the highest grade of cars at the lowest prices.

Here are some of the exclusive points of the Waverleys. Compare ours with any other electric vehicle at any price. You will only prove these facts.

The Waverleys are the highest triumph of the coach building art. On the symmetrical proportions and harmonious lines of our carriages we have concentrated the genius of the most successful designers and artisans. The graceful swell of the sides, the correct height and comfortable width, the pleasing colors of luxurious upholstery and enamel, represent lifelong study of the coach body. We have builders of over a quarter of a century's experience.

Only Finest Materials Accepted by Sixteen Inspectors

The poplar for our Coupe top (design copyrighted), is selected by master lumbermen, and seasoned three years. Our leather, morocco, broadcloth and satin for the interior are the choicest the world affords. Not a particle of material goes into a Waverley that does not pass every test of our inspection department. Sixteen expert inspectors constantly employed in this work alone.

In the Waverleys the largest space is given to fine French plate windows affording a clear view in all directions, and perfect ventilation.

Choice is given of colors as follows:

Majestic Blue, Waverley Maroon or Brewster Green, with upholstery to harmonize.

The painting of each

Waverley requires twelve weeks. It includes twenty-eight operations, with sixteen coats of paint.

The Waverley is just the right weight for the utmost efficiency and durability—neither too heavy nor too light. Aluminum is largely used.

Think of the saving of tire expense this means!

The New Waverley Drive

In the new Waverleys the motor is attached to the body with rubber cushions which overcome the vibration. It thus hangs between the springs. The power is transmitted to the floating rear axle through a silent flexible gear inclosed in a dust-proof case and running in oil. No other system attached to body is completely inclosed. The Waverley dust-proof case prevents any noise and keeps out the grit. The Waverley Herringbone gear on the floating rear axle overcomes the jerking and knocking of the ordinary cog.

The Waverley Patented Control

Waverley Carriages are made absolutely safe by the new Waverley Controller, the most important improvement in electric vehicle construction (Waverley Patent No. 92,808).

Through the simple operation of our controller the carriage can not be started at any time on any speed except the low. No matter if the lever is accidentally shifted—no matter if it is tampered with in the absence of the car user—the speed lever must go to the "off" position before the car can be started.

The reverse lever is immediately back of the speed lever, rendering it unnecessary to reach for a reverse lever in front of the seat.

It automatically locks to prevent operator reversing speed before the forward speed lever is returned in "off" position.

See How Easy it is to Enter or Leave the Waverley

The Waverley Patented Drop Sill is another exclusive feature. It brings the Coupe so low that the step is

even with many curbs and not more than eight inches above any. From the step to the inside is only 11 inches.

These People Can Afford Higher Priced Electrics

Yet they prefer the Waverley to competing cars that sell as high as \$3,000. The following are among the Waverley's present owners:

Mrs. LUCY CARNEGIE, sister-in-law of Andrew Carnegie. Mrs. Carnegie has purchased twelve Waverleys for Winter Island, the winter resort of the Carnegies.

JOHN B. HERRESHOFF, the noted yacht designer. Three Waverleys have been purchased by the Herreshoff family.

Representative JAMES TAWNEY, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House.

Ex-Attorney-General, CHARLES J. BONAPARTE. Has purchased two Waverleys.

Secretary of the Navy, GEORGE VON L. MEYER.

WILLIAM E. HORLICK, Racine, head of the Horlick Malted Milk Co.

Dr. FRANK BILLINGS, Chicago's most famous physician.

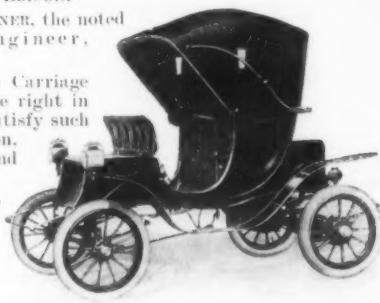
WAR DEPARTMENT, U. S. Government.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

EMIL BERLINER, the noted Electrical Engineer, Washington.

An Electric Carriage must surely be right in all points to satisfy such men as Edison, Herreshoff and Berliner.

But get the new Waverley catalog and judge for yourself.



Waverley Victoria Phaeton

Same Car as above, with coupe top removed.



(23) Gentleman's Car

Send for our beautiful Art Catalog, H. 1, showing Waverley 1910 Models. The book will be mailed free to you by return mail.

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY, 143 S. East St., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Morton R. Edwin Panatelas \$2.40 per hundred instead of \$5.00

By all standards of comparison this is a 10c cigar. It will satisfy the most cranky smoker of imported brands. It is fully 5 1/2 in. long, strictly hand made, of choicest Havana tobacco—genuine Sumatra wrapper. It smokes freely and evenly—never chars down the side, but keeps burning coolly and fragrantly to the last toothhold.

The reason this cigar is sold at \$2.40 instead of \$5.00 per hundred is because I buy and sell for cash. I ask no credit, neither do I give it. I personally buy my tobacco direct from the grower in Cuba, and pay him at least five weeks before the tobacco reaches the U. S. Custom House. I buy for less and sell for less. The man who buys and sells on credit cannot compete with me. I believe in what Elbert Hubbard said in April, 1907, issue of the *Philistine*:

"A Credit Account is the most invidious form of borrowing money. When you don't pay the merchant at once for the goods you buy from him, you are borrowing money from him, and disguised in the price is much more than the legal rate of interest. Better to borrow the actual cash and know how much you have to pay for the accommodation; but it is better still to practice self denial and go without the thing you want till you have the cash to pay for it."

"All the losses of the merchants who give credit are made good by the people who pay."

"The merchant who gives credit is not in business for his health any more than the pawnbroker is."

Among my 35 different brands I have an "in between" smoke called "Old Fashioned Havana Smokers." I want you to be on smoking terms with them, because they are just the thing you want when you don't want a big cigar. They are Havana filled—4 in. long—blunt at both ends—made the way the Cuban planter rolls tobacco for his own use—without a binder.

I'm so eager to have you try this smoke that I'll send you a sample box of 12 free along with an order for my Panatelas, because you'll buy them again.

Send me \$2.40 for 100 Morton R. Edwin Panatelas. Smoke as many as you like—smoke them all if you want to, and if you then tell me that you didn't receive more than you expected, I'll return your money and we'll remain friends.

If you want to know who I am and whether or not I run my business on the square, if you have any doubts as to my making good if my cigars don't, just inquire from any bank or commercial agency about me. If you don't like the report you get, keep your cash at home.



Illustrated price-list sent on request

MORTON R. EDWIN

Dept. B, 64-66 and 67-69

West 125th Street, New York

Make checks payable to the Edwin Cigar Co.

"TWIN GRIP"
PAPER FASTENER

It's just that double grip and the turn-down lips at the tip that make this fastener ideal for your office. Neither top, bottom nor middle paper can become loose—the twin prongs hold them all.

The De Long Book and Eye Co.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Send for free samples in four sizes.

SILENCE and POWER
together with
SPEED
and the M. M.
SIMPLICITY

M. M. Motorcycle

Is the acknowledged leader. Its powerful perfectly balanced engine, its absolutely quiet muffler, its positive control, and its easy riding, smooth running qualities prove it an ideal Motorcycle. *DeLuxe* Waverly. *DeLuxe* Waverly. *DeLuxe* Waverly.

M. M. MOTOR COMPANY
Brookton, Mass.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 22

A COMMON MISTAKE

I WISH it were possible for me to put this particular bulletin in the hands of every man and woman who thinks, or ever has thought, that advertising makes goods cost more.

As a matter of actual fact, demonstrated by the experience of thousands of concerns, and so clearly proven as to have become a recognized economic principle, advertising not only does not increase the cost of goods, but actually tends to decrease it.

Take almost any manufactured article or product. Every practical business man knows that the greater the quantity produced in a given time the less the cost of each piece or package.

A manufacturer who doubles his output can buy his material far cheaper in the larger quantity; he multiplies the efficiency of his help by more or larger machines; though the output is doubled, his fixed

charges—ground rent, administration, insurance, taxes, etc.—may be increased only a trifle.

When he advertises he does it to increase his sales. If he keeps it up you may be sure it is increasing his sales.

What he invests each year in advertising is only a small part of his profits—which are steadily growing through increase in the volume of business and consequent decrease in the unit-cost of production.

Let me make the case concrete. Think of any standard advertised line of soap, toilet articles, clothing, watches, hosiery, cereals, underwear, food preparations, collars, hats, shoes, stoves, phonographs, automobiles—anything you please—can you think of one which costs more because of advertising?

On the contrary, can you duplicate the quality of the advertised article in an un-advertised article at the same price?

E. L. Patterson.

Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S BULLETIN—"Concentration"



TWO STRIKES AND THE BASES FULL

The greatest baseball pictures ever published \$.25 each

"Two Strikes and the Bases Full" and "Fanned Out!" are the greatest baseball pictures

ever drawn. The den of a baseball enthusiast is not complete without these prints. They are beautifully made with a richly tinted background and are printed on the finest grade of water-color sketching bristol (plate-marked), giving a particularly dainty and artistic effect. All ready for framing, or can be used without a frame. They are 18 x 14 inches in size and sell at 25 cents each, or 50 cents for the two, express prepaid. Also published in size 28 x 22 inches at \$1.00 each.

ORDER FROM ANY RELIABLE ART DEALER
IN THE UNITED STATES OR CANADA

Or, we will furnish on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Print Dept.
P. F. COLLIER & SON
412 West Thirteenth Street
New York

Agents for Canada:
METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE
TORONTO, CANADA

Send for handsome catalogue containing nearly 175 reproductions in half-tone and line engraving—exact reproductions in black and white of original drawings that have appeared in Collier's. Price 15 cents.



FANNED OUT!

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

Men's Clothing ON CREDIT

NO MONEY DOWN--\$1 A WEEK

Buy Men's Stylish Fall and Winter Suits and Overcoats direct from our factory by mail, for

\$15 and \$18

We require no security, and trust any honest person anywhere in the United States. We send garments on approval—you don't pay a penny till you get the clothes and find them satisfactory—then pay \$1.00 a week. We are the largest Credit Clothing Store in the world.

FREE Send-to-day for our line of stylish Fall and Winter samples, self-measure blank, tape, and full particulars of our convenient payment plan, all free. Comm. rating, \$1,000,000

**MENTER & BLOOM
ROSENBLUM CO.**
611 Cox Building, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

SEXOLOGY

(Illustrated)

by William H. Welling, A. M., M. D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 707 Perry Bldg., PHILA., PA.

"The Eternal Question"

By GIBSON

25 CENTS

"The Eternal Question" is the most popular Gibson head ever drawn. It is now issued in a new way and sells for 25 cents. It is printed on the finest kind of water-color sketching bristol, disamped, giving a most pleasing and dainty effect—all ready for hanging—no frame needed. Size 14x18 inches. Sent postpaid. It is the best picture on the market for 25 cents.

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Be a Taxidermist. Mount your own trophies, such as birds and animals. Decorate your home or make money mounting for others. Taxidermist's handiwork is in demand. Success guaranteed of no tuition. Book "How to Learn to Mount Birds & Animals" sent FREE. Write today. S. W. Sch. of Taxidermy, Box 54, Omaha, Neb.

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

BALTIMORE, MD.

• **The Rennett** E. \$1.50. Baltimore's leading hotel. Typical southern cooking. The kitchen of this hotel has made Maryland cooking famous.

CHICAGO, ILL.

• **Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. Booklet on request.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

• **Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A.P. \$2.50. E.P. \$1.

SUMMER RESORTS

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

• **The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up-to-date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

FOR the benefit of our readers we have classified the various hotels in the United States and Canada according to tariff in their respective cities. One asterisk (*) will be placed opposite the advertisement of the hotel which appeals to an exclusive patronage demanding the best of everything. Two asterisks (**) indicates the hotel which appeals to those who desire high-class accommodations at moderate prices; and three asterisks (***) indicates the hotel which appeals to commercial travelers and those requiring good service at economical rates.

3 Bolt 3 Piece

1909 MODEL Ithaca Gun

Simplest, fastest lock on earth—no cocking levers, bars or push rods—cocks direct from toe of hammer. Hammer operates in $\frac{1}{8}$ of a second, falling only $\frac{1}{2}$ in. compared with 1 in. in other guns. Catalog **FREE**—18 grades \$17.75 net to \$300 list. Remember we make dainty little 20 gauge guns.

ITHACA GUN CO., Dept. 35, ITHACA, N. Y.

Collier's

Saturday, September 25, 1909



Fiction Number for October

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Volume XLIV

Number 1

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirteenth St.; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C. For sale also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

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Every genuine Chocolate Bud has the name—**WILBUR**—stamped on it, and our Cupid trademark enclosed in its wrapper.

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More delicious than any other solid chocolate, more satisfying than any confection—imitated by scores, equalled by none.

At dealers, or we send a pound box for \$1. One sample box for 30c and your dealer's address.

Eating Chocolate at its best—less sugar, more decidedly chocolate—no thirst—easy digestion. Flat cakes 10 cts.

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Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA

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We want to show you how thoroughly practical it is to receive all the benefits of out-door sleeping—with the face, only, coming in contact with the crisp, out-door air—enjoying the comforts of a warm room, protected from drafts, storms, colds and insects—by using a

Walsh Window Tent

Has an awning to protect sleeper—no nails or screws to mar the woodwork—can be instantly adjusted to any window. Write today for free booklet, "What Fresh Air Will Do," and full particulars of our 30-day free trial offer.

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Cabinet Mfg. Co., 301 Maine St., Quincy, Ill.
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Something needs fixing in a hurry. It is too trivial to send for the carpenter and could be corrected in a minute if you had the proper tools at hand—in fact, the home that has not constant use for a hammer, a saw, or tools of some sort, hardly exists.

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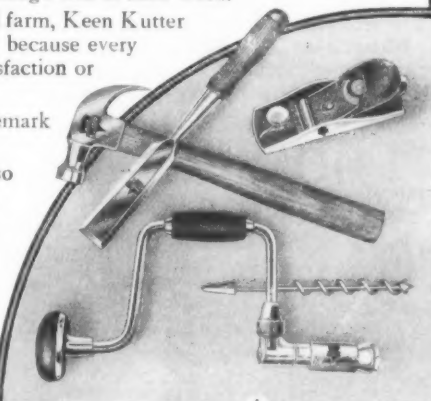
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Look for the name and trademark on every tool.

The name Keen Kutter also includes a full line of Scissors and Shears, Pocket-knives, Razors and Table Cutlery.

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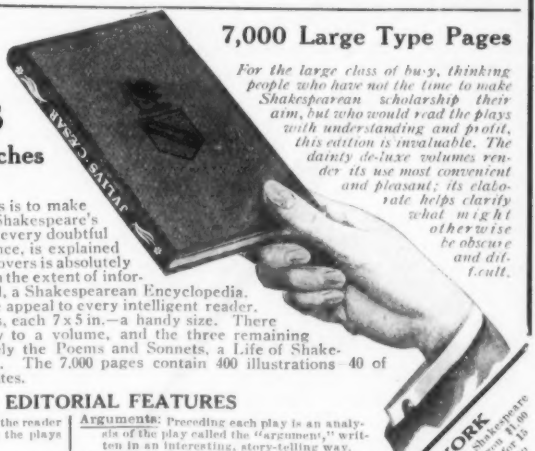
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The aim of the Booklovers is to make easy the understanding of Shakespeare's works. Every obsolete word, every doubtful phrase, every obscure reference, is explained by noted scholars. The Booklovers is absolutely complete and unabridged. In the extent of information it contains it is, indeed, a Shakespearean Encyclopedia. Its clearness and convenience appeal to every intelligent reader. The sets are in forty volumes, each 7x5 in.—a handy size. There are thirty-seven plays, a play to a volume, and the three remaining volumes comprise respectively the Poems and Sonnets, a Life of Shakespeare, and a Topical Index. The 7,000 pages contain 400 illustrations 40 of them being full-page color plates.

SPECIAL EDITORIAL FEATURES

Topical Index: By means of which the reader can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.
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Life of Shakespeare, by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Bagot, Stephen and other distinguished Shakespearean scholars and critics. This life relates all that the world really knows about Shakespeare.

Special Half-Price Offer The subscription prices of the Booklovers have been advanced to \$62.00 in half-leather and \$50.00 in cloth. For the present, however, we are making a special half-price offer to mail-order buyers, and readers of Collier's may obtain the set at the special rates of \$31.00 in half-leather and \$25.00 in cloth. The easy terms have been explained above.

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• If you prefer cash payment, please enclose \$1.00 with your order.

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Short Bosom SHIRT

FOR waistcoat days—
F pleated where it will
show—soft and comfortable
under the waistcoat. An ideal
business shirt.

\$1.50

In Canada, \$2.25

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 455 River Street, Troy, N. Y., Makers of Arrow Collars. Booklet on Request.



Get Big Men Behind You

That was the doctrine of Andrew Carnegie. And that is the secret of every great business success.

If you have big possibilities, get big men to fulfill them.

Get them in every department. But, above all, get big men in advertising—in selling your goods to the millions.

The big men are the profit makers in all lines of salesmanship.

You know that is true of your road men, who meet but a few of your customers. Then how true must it be of your salesmen-in-print?

Why does one article dominate a field, and an equal one remain unknown?

Why does one advertiser win enormous success, and another in the same line utterly fail?

Nine times in ten the reason lies solely with the salesmen-in-print.

One employs capacity, one incapacity. One fights with cannons, the other with arrows. And the curious fact is that both pay the same price.

Successful advertising isn't an easy matter. The men who can do it are exceedingly rare, and they command the rare man's pay.

The only way to get them is to make a business of getting them—to seek and sift and develop. That is our business, and it has been for 36 years.

The only way to get their maximum service is to have them work in corps. That is how our big men work.

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, September 25, 1909



Mark Sullivan, like President Taft, believes the South to be, just now, politically, the most interesting section of the United States. And so, Mr. Sullivan, having finished for the present his Comment upon Congress, will spend the two months until Congress again convenes, in traveling through the South.

The purpose of this announcement is to ask our friends in the South to write to us and tell us where Mr. Sullivan ought to go, whom he ought to talk to, and what he ought to observe. And such of our friends as care to make suggestions will bear in mind, we hope, that Collier's, as well as Mr. Sullivan, is interested in much more of the South than its politics. Industrially, during the next few years, the South is pretty certain to produce events more remarkable than any other section of the United States; and in its aspects which are less material than politics and industry the South is forever full of charm and interest.

Of all the influences, direct and remote, which finally determine the subjects which this paper talks about—from among the million between China and Peru—the letters from our readers are the most interesting and the most vitalizing. Concerning these letters we once used these words:

"... an editor's general impression of his correspondence, which stands to him for one of the most fertile channels of instruction, of first-hand and varied experience, that have ever enriched his passage through this vale."

We hope we shall receive from the South, during the next few weeks, many Letters to the Editor.

Henry George in the Far East

As the central interest of the future lies in the awakening of Asia, and its reaction upon, or fusion with, the civilization of the West, Collier's sent Henry George, the journalist and author, into the Orient to describe conditions and to anticipate the outcome. Mr. George is widely known through his writings and his political status, and he is an eminent student of sociology; so that his views should carry unusual weight in the minds of Collier's readers. Traveling first to Hawaii, where he observed the Japanese invasion of those islands, Mr. George went next to Japan, then Manchuria, and the initial article of his series will deal with "The Japanese in China." This describes his visit to southern Manchuria, and will appear in the issue of October 2. The following instalment will take up the Russian situation to the north.

In a Pullman train, on the South Manchurian Railway—with which the Japanese have penetrated the country—Mr. George is carried into the city of Mukden. This is a Chinese center—faded and sluggish. But the Japanese have distributed improvements through the capital and the province beyond its walls. He finds two jurisdictions in Mukden of police and courts, both the Japanese and Chinese. The rubbing of authority has led to a serious tension, and the policemen on the streets carry the equipment of soldiers. Chinamen have begun to feel the force of foreign presumption, and, with all their laxity and diffidence, they show signs of turning against it. The Japanese keep a militant government in Manchuria to protect their enterprises, and inch by inch to widen their control, until they are assured of holding in this region a defensive outpost against an enemy from the East.

Prizes for Stories

Now that there is only one week left in which to enter manuscripts for Collier's vacation contest, we would repeat, for the benefit of those who have had their vacations since our last announcement, that Collier's has arranged to offer prizes, ranging from one hundred to twenty-five dollars, for the best accounts of their experiences received before October 1. From the number of inquiries coming into our office in regard to the conditions of the contest, it is evident that these are not clear to many of our readers. They are as follows: One hundred dollars for the best article, twelve hundred words long; fifty dollars for the second best, and for all others that are accepted, twenty-five dollars. The articles must be typewritten on one side of the paper only, and must be signed on the first page with the name and address of the sender. Good photographs that illustrate and add interest to the account should be sent as a pictorial accompaniment to the article and will really count a great deal in its favor. On its back every photograph should be described, and the name and address of the sender should also be written. Be sure to send the article and photographs in the same envelope, and do not let your manuscript exceed twelve hundred words. Manuscripts and photographs intended for this competition should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

As was the case last year, the present competition calls for specific stories of vacations, whether in the mountains, by the sea, on the lake, on the farm, afoot, a wheel, in camp, on sailboats, in motor-boats, or in automobiles—in fact, in whatever way the vacation was spent. Essays or fiction are not wanted; neither is it necessary for you to tell the whole story of your vacation. Use the twelve hundred words for a description of some part of your vacation, if this seems preferable. Do not send sketches or drawings; photographs are almost always a reflection of real things.

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

September 25, 1909

Since Hudson and Fulton

THEY," wrote THOMAS JEFFERSON, referring to the generations which came after him, "are wiser than we were, and their successors will be wiser than they, from the progressive advance of science." Has the optimism of JEFFERSON been justified? Not all change is progress. Both liberty and light not only lived in Rome and Athens, but died there also, and we know what Egypt used to be, and what she is. Are we in the United States going forward or are we not? Of the two historic figures to be celebrated from September 25 to October 9, FULTON's career is the more directly concerned in such a question. Steam, abetted by electricity, has placed all government on a different footing. It has put small nations at a disadvantage. The successful unit was formerly a city; it now easily might be a continent; one day it may be the globe. Thus far our country has increased not only in size, but in moral and physical welfare and in happiness. We rejoice, therefore, in the exploration, which we celebrate in HUDSON, and in the direction of development, with which the name of FULTON is gloriously connected. In the two hundred years between HUDSON and FULTON the world moved forward, for the benefit of the common man, scarcely more than it has moved in the single century since the death of FULTON. Great inventions were made in those two centuries; terrific blows were struck at rooted caste and superstition; but the nineteenth century surpassed any preceding era in the number of things it did for ordinary man and woman. We take for granted all the progress of the centuries since HUDSON first saw the river which bears his name; our paved streets, our city lights, our sewers, our museums, theaters, cheap books, cheap newspapers, stoves, matches, riding plows, reapers, cotton-gins, bath-tubs, lower death rate, better housing, shorter hours, higher wages, kinder treatment, libraries, religious toleration, schools everywhere, free colleges, chloroform, asylums, houses of refuge, sewing machines. "We have changed our prisons," says McMASTER, "from stews and brothels and seminaries of crime into reformatories of crime." Indeed, we have done much; and for the majority it is better living than it ever was before.

The usefulness of celebrating such genuinely important history as was made by HUDSON and FULTON may be further vindicated at the present moment by one detail—the opening in the Metropolitan Museum of the most remarkable loan exhibition of pictures ever beheld on this continent. Without this exhibition, few could have guessed how many Dutch masterpieces are owned in the United States. Experts are expected from Europe to study the collection. Nothing is more stimulating to the mind than history seen in its just proportions, and we are beginning now to study it less as a kind of melodrama and more as a selection of what has counted for most in the destiny of man.

How the world does move! FULTON's achievement of a practicable steamer was in 1807. The first trip by a steamer down the Mississippi was in 1811, but the boat was unable to struggle back against the current. Who realizes that up to 1830 there was not on any American line a single locomotive regularly at work? The electric car is now among the commonest sights of every day. In 1886 there were but two such lines in the United States. The telephone dates from 1877. And in all his life, His Majesty JAMES of England never washed his hands!

Immigration

AFRICA," says a learned Southerner, "still mocks America from her jungles," and Mr. BROWN believes, justly, that we have suffered, regarding Southern problems, by too much credulity in accepting various curative devices. Not unallied to this truth is the mood in which a competent mind must face the problem of general immigration. Go to see "The Melting Pot," and the eloquence of faith and acceptance will be made real to you, but then stop to consider whether the United States ought to build up for itself a permanent proletariat, a permanent class of the submerged, and can you answer with security that we are wise in allowing such a class to be built up among us so rapidly as it is building now? No harm can be done by going slowly. We certainly have not erred on the side of exclusiveness: it may well be that we have erred in overhospitality. We owe our best to the ambitious peoples of an older world, but we owe it to the future and to ourselves not to let haste and carelessness be the cause of permanent poverty and discontent in the United States. We should be cordial but not blind. We should not take in what it is impossible to digest.

Chance

SOME GAMES are decided by ability. Such are chess, checkers, polo, croquet, and tiddledywinks. In others luck is everything, as in dice, roulette, and some say love. In another class, of which poker is a notable example, brain, bluff, and chance are mixed. Human happiness and success are of the poker type.

After Harriman

AIDED BY GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY and land grants, one railroad after another reached out to the Pacific Coast. Usually the picturesque ceremonies connected with the laying of the final spikes were scarcely concluded before Wall Street began playing with the stock. Road after road failed, receivers took control, courts ordered sales, new organizations were founded on increased capitalization, but the railroads remained unimproved. Often these roads actually deteriorated, partly because directors lacked interest in operation and knowledge of it, and if they lay awake at all it was over manipulation in the Street. A few years ago the West hailed HARRIMAN as one come to release that country from this situation, and to establish competent railroad service. With the confidence of a magician, Mr. HARRIMAN took hold of these "streets of rust" and transformed the inefficient railroads with the power of understanding. The West banqueted HARRIMAN. Orators exhausted phrases in his praise. But various lights broke in. The freight bills were unsatisfactory. Flagrant discrimination was everywhere. Utah discovered she was HARRIMAN's private property. She had good railroads, but almost impossible rates. Oregon was bordered on three sides by railroads, but her vast interior, larger than all New England, New Jersey, and Maryland, was without a switch or watering-tank. It was HILL's territory by original design, HARRIMAN's by threatened manipulation. While these giants locked their horns a great region lay undeveloped and expectant, a country rich with promise and naturally impatient. The horns are no longer locked. May Oregon now match the growth of her neighbors north and south? What will Utah do?

The Canal is Open—for Five Miles

WORK AT PANAMA goes on with speed and persistence. On August 24 the construction of the Gatun Locks was begun, and over the five-mile stretch of canal from the Balboa wharf to the minus 45 curve in Panama Bay the channel has been dredged to its full bottom width of 500 feet, but not quite to its full depth. In places only a 30-foot channel is open. Out of the same number of the "Canal Record," which notified mariners that they may follow two lines of red and black buoys a fraction of the distance across the Isthmus, appears an article headed: "Bread for Canal Workers." This is full of fascinating figures. In the last fiscal year 40,000 canal workers drew 120 pounds of flour apiece; the Cristobal bakery used 16,832 barrels of flour and turned out nearly 5,000,000 14-ounce loaves of bread, over 600,000 rolls, 135,279 pounds of cake, and 129,414 pies. To encourage workers who may want to go to the Isthmus, this one bakery is prepared to turn out 38,000 14-ounce loaves of bread a day against its last year's average of 13,680. It is (more cheering still) prepared to increase its daily output of pies from 350 to 10,000. For the West Indians the Commission had to provide 99,000 pounds of pilot bread, and the "gold" employees ate 35,000 pounds of fancy biscuits. Somebody consumed 198,000 pounds of plain soda crackers. With every thousand barrels of flour landed at Colon the Culebra Cut level sinks. Colonel GOETHALS doubtless explained the ratio when he visited President TAFT at Beverly early in September.

Charm

SAN FRANCISCO is one of the few American cities which possess the quality of charm. Not even the earthquake blotted it out. There is still that sparkle and animation without the undertone of worry and painful effort; mystery and romance still whisper up from the South Seas and the Orient on the cool wind that blows through the Golden Gate. San Franciscans, returning from the hot summers of the East and Middle West, feel the whole aspect of the universe changing with the first sniff of that cool, intoxicating breeze. Compared with Los Angeles, for instance, and much of the rest of California, even more so compared with the newly settled districts in other parts of the West, San Francisco is old, of a generation past. Something of the splendid recklessness of the old gold-hunting, gambling days still survives. That sense of ethical responsibility and good-citizenship which

characterizes so many of the new irrigation neighborhoods, for instance, has not yet crossed the Bay. And these somewhat intangible things have more to do, perhaps, than many realize with the situation in the city to-day.

San Francisco

THIS CHARMING CITY has become an uncomfortable spectacle for the country at large and for much of California. She is like some medieval siren—fascinating, but not acquainted with our modern methods of keeping clean. Few doubt the legal guilt of CALHOUN, whatever be the excuse for his bribery. Could the case be tried somewhere else a conviction—which seems impossible in San Francisco—would probably follow. A Sacramento paper reminds one of its San Francisco contemporaries which complains that the town is sick and tired of the graft prosecution that the plaintiff in this case is not San Francisco but the people of the sovereign State of California. From another corner of the State comes to this office these stern words:

"The vital question in the affairs of San Francisco is whether under any circumstances one enters into a vested right to commit crime. When that question is answered, it will be possible to determine whether PAT CALHOUN was justified in buying a franchise from a nest of politicians in whose hands the people of San Francisco have placed themselves, knowing these politicians to be corrupt. A strong man of true patriotism and honesty at the head of the United Street Railway interests of that city would have refused to deal with the robbers of City Hall, would have taken the people into his confidence and driven the robbers from power. The city needed such a man as PAT CALHOUN might have been. Instead, there is evidence that he takes naturally to the sort of traffic he indulged in. The evidence is the fact that ever since the exposures began he has been corrupting the press of the State, buying newspapers of his own, and buying opinions in other people's newspapers. It is bad enough to bribe an office-holder. It is worse to bribe the press."

This letter comes from one of the new little towns in what a few years ago was the desolate Salton Sink. There were nothing but toads and rattlesnakes there then. There are towns and men and citizenship there now. The world moves. Even the California desert has found a voice which San Francisco—"serene, indifferent to fate"—must sooner or later hear and heed. In America in the twentieth century a city can not survive on charm forever.

The Proof-Reader

ALL DAY LONG, with eye and mind alert, the proof-reader works at his job. Sometimes one marvels at his skill. Have you ever considered that a page of print such as this offers seven or eight thousand chances for a typographical error to slip in? Do you wonder that the proof-reader takes pride in putting out page after page on which you may search in vain for a misplaced letter? The possibility of a mechanical mistake is not the only one which the conscientious proof-reader guards against, however. Back in his head are changing impressions and bits of current information which enable him constantly to correct, or at least to query, the statements on the page before him. That which may be apt when a manuscript is written may not be so after it is set up in type. A curious illustration of the point happened lately in the case of a proof-reader of our acquaintance who came suddenly upon the following sentence, intended to be descriptive of the principal character in an article: "He's the busiest man in the country, except maybe our busy President." This was certainly internal evidence as to the period in which the manuscript was written. It had passed the editorial department, but was caught in the composing-room.

Size

PENNSYLVANIA COMPLETED its new State Capitol five years ago. The Legislature had appropriated \$4,000,000 for the building, and the work was kept exactly within that sum. Nothing was said about the cost of furnishing the interior. Four years ago a Democratic State Treasurer nosed around and discovered that the "trimmings" for the new Harrisburg structure had cost a tidy \$9,000,000. A subsequent legal investigation proved that the actual value, plus a good

profit, of all the furnishings was \$3,000,000. Somebody got \$6,000,000 of the people's money. The names of all the contractors and sub-contractors who worked on this \$13,000,000 job are known. As yet not a man has served one hour in jail for the theft of any part of that \$6,000,000. Perhaps when the sum is so large the performers are immune.

Burbank and Darwin

IN THIS CENTENNIAL YEAR there has been, naturally, a great deal of discussion about evolution and CHARLES DARWIN. A short article in the September "Popular Science Monthly" has much interest, because in it LUTHER BURBANK, who has been so much written up, writes about himself, and also because he touches the great question of the soundness of DARWIN'S theory.

"The more usual concept of the formation of species is by slow variations so well known as the Darwinian theory, which, though attacked from every point, still is and must always in the main be accepted, for without question it gives the fundamental principles of evolution as had never been done before."

Mr. BURBANK holds, nevertheless, as all men of science do, that research during the last half-century has developed strong new sidelights which in some cases compel a slightly different view of some details from that held by DARWIN. As to his own work in relation to DARWIN'S theories, Mr. BURBANK makes a number of interesting statements, of which, perhaps, the most striking is the following:

"By crossing the great African 'stubble berry' (*Solanum guineense*) with our Pacific Coast 'rabbit weed' (*Solanum villosum*) an absolutely new species has also been produced, the fruit of which resembles in almost every particular the common blueberry (*Vaccinium pennsylvanicum*), and while the fruit of neither parent species is edible, the fruit of the newly created one is most delicious and most abundantly produced, and the seedlings, generation after generation, though produced by the million, still all come as true to the new type as do either parent species to their normal type."

A rather astonishing difference of opinion among men of science regarding DARWIN has been brought out by the year's discussion, but BURBANK'S interesting article is in line with the opinion of those who stand highest in contemporary science. They are modifying DARWIN'S conclusions in detail, but the soundness of his general theory, and its importance, have the general assent of the scientific world.

More About Fitch

THE MOST PROLIFIC of prominent American playwrights, although but forty-four years of age, had written or adapted some half-a-hundred plays, four of which were once running in New York City at the same moment. Some of Mr. FITCH'S best qualities came out at the beginning, as, for instance, in "Beau Brummell," his ability to write salient single lines. "Nathan Hale," not long after, gave indications of an intellectual seriousness which was never carried further, but which might possibly have increased had he been allowed to live to old age. "Barbara Frietchie" established, had there been any doubt, Mr. FITCH'S decided theatrical abilities. "The Cowboy and the Lady" was notable, not only as an example of the clever choice of popular themes, at which Mr. FITCH seldom failed, but also for the first prominence of GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, now Mrs. FORBES-ROBERTSON, whose abilities were discovered by Mr. FITCH, she being only one of a number of actors who were developed by him. Of the extremely successful play, "The Climbers," it may be noted that it went through the frequent experience of successful plays, in being heartily rejected by managers who pride themselves, above all things, on their knowledge of the public. Mr. FITCH was an expert at launching personalities. In "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" Miss BARRYMORE became a star. "The Girl with the Green Eyes" gave full opportunity to the sincere and ill-fated CLARA BLOODGOOD, who had already been able to show her best points in "The Climbers." Never did Mr. FITCH show more clearly his ability to fit actors than in "Her Own Way," written for MAXINE ELLIOTT, a masterpiece of successful adaptation to the limits of a particular player.

Fulton

By JULIA WARD HOWE

A RIVER flashing like a gem,
Crowned with a mountain diadem,
Invites an unaccustomed guest
To launch his shallop on her crest—
A pilgrim whose exploring mind
Must leave his tardy pace behind:
"My bark creeps slow, the world is vast,
How shall its space be overpassed?"

RESPONSIVE to his cry appears
A visionary, young in years,
Commissioned with prophetic brain
The mystic problem to explain:
"Where fire and water closest blend,
There find a servant and a friend."

YET many a moon must wax and wane,
With sleepless nights and days of pain,
Pleading a monarch's court before,
Shrewd processes and study sore,
Ere on the silver tide shall float,
Swifter than thought, young Fulton's boat.

AND not alone for Hudson's stream
Avails the magic power of steam.
Blessings of unimagined worth
Its speed shall carry round the earth;
Knowledge shall on its pinions fly,
Nor land nor race in darkness lie;
Commerce her hoards shall freely bring
To many an urgent summoning,
And Want and Wealth, in sundered lands,
Shall closely clasp redeeming hands,
While master minds new gospels span,
The holy brotherhood of man.

REST, Fulton, in thine honored grave,
Remembered with the wise and brave;
Thy message visits every sea,
Herald of benefits to be.
So nearly may our world relate
The mighty movements of her fate,
So Doom and Dangers wide apart
Appeal to every human heart.

AND, as one sun doth compass all
That shall arise or may befall,
One fiat on creation's night
Bestowed the blessed boon of light,
So shall all life one promise fill
For Freedom, Justice, and Good-will.

Collier's FICTION NUMBER for October

"MA'AM?"

Two Matrimonial Veterans Undertake to Prevent a Marriage

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

IN MOST affairs, except those which related to his matrimonial ventures, Marcus Antonius Saterlee was a patient man. On three occasions "an ardent temperament and the heart of a dove," as he himself had expressed it, had corraled a wife in worship and tenderness within his house. The first had been the love of his childhood; the wooing of the second had lasted but six weeks; that of the third but three. He rejoiced in the fact that he had been a good husband to three good women. He lamented that all were dead. Now and then he squirmed his bull head around on his bull body, and glanced across the aisle at the showy woman who was daintily picking a chicken wing. He himself was not toying with beefsteak, boiled eggs, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, lima and string beans. He was eating them. Each time he looked at the lady he muttered something to his heart of a dove:

"Flighty. Too slight. Stuck on herself. Pin-head," etc.

With his food Saterlee was not patient. He dispensed with mastication. Neither was he patient of other people's matrimonial ventures. And, in particular, that contemplated and threatened by his son and heir was moving him across three hundred miles of inundated country as fast as a train could carry him. His son had written:

"DEAREST DAD—I've found Dorothy again. She's at Carcasonne. They thought her lungs were bad, but they aren't. We're going to be married a week from to-day—next Friday—at nine A. M. This marriage is going to take place, Daddy dear. You can't prevent it. I write this so's to be on the square. I'm inviting you to the wedding. I'll be hurt if you don't show up. What if Dorothy's mother is an actress and has been divorced twice? You've been a marrying man yourself, Dad. Dorothy is all darling from head to foot. But I love you, too, Daddy, and if you can't see it my way, why, God bless and keep you just the same. JIM."

I can't deny that Marcus Antonius Saterlee was touched by his son's epistle. But he was not moved out of reason.

"The girl's mother," he said to himself, "is a painted, divorced jade." And he thought with pleasure of the faith, patience, and rectitude of the three gentle companions whom he had successively married and buried. "There was never any divorce in the Saterlee blood," he had prided himself. "Man or woman, we stuck by our choice till he or she" (he was usually precise) "turned up his or her toes. Not till then do we think of anybody else. But then we do, because it is not good to live alone, especially in a small community in Southern California."

He glanced once more at the showy lady across the aisle. She had finished her chicken wing, and was dipping her fingers in a finger-bowl, thus displaying to sparkling advantage a number of handsome rings.

"My boy's girl's mother a painted actress," he muttered as he looked. "Not if I know it." And then he muttered: "You'd look like an actress if you was painted."

Though the words can not have been distinguishable, the sounds were audible.

"Sir?" said the lady, stiffly but courteously.

"Nothing, Ma'am," muttered Mark Anthony, much abashed. "I'm surprised to see so much water in this arid corner of the world, where I have often suffered for want of it. I must have been talking to myself to that effect. I hope you will excuse me."

The lady looked out of the window—not hers, but Saterlee's.

"It does look," she said, "as if the waters had divorced themselves from the bed of ocean."

She delivered this in a quick but telling voice. Saterlee was shocked at the comparison.

"I suppose," she continued, "we may attribute those constant and tedious delays to which we have been subjected all day to the premature melting of snow in the fastnesses of the Sierras?"

This phrase did not shock Saterlee. He was amazed by the power of memory which it proved. For three hours earlier he had read a close paraphrase of it in a copy of the Tomb City "Picayune" which he had bought at that city.

The train ran slower and slower, and out on to a shallow embankment.

"Do you think we shall ever get anywhere?" queried the lady.

"Not when we expect to, Ma'am," said Saterlee. He began to scrub his strong mouth with his napkin, lest he should return to the smoker with stains of boiled eggs upon him.

The train gave a jolt. And then, very quietly, the dining-car rolled over on its side down the embankment. There was a subdued smashing of china and glass. A clergyman at one of the rear tables quietly remarked, "Washout," and Saterlee, who had not forgotten the days when he had learned to fall from a bucking bronco, relaxed his great muscles and swore roundly, sonorously, and at great length. The car came to rest at the bottom of the embankment, less on its side than on its top. For a moment—or so it seemed—all was perfectly quiet. Then (at one and the same moment) a lady in the extreme front of the diner was heard exclaiming faintly: "You're pinching me," and out of the tail of his eye Saterlee saw the showy lady across the aisle descending

gated-iron saloon. He remembered to have seen it—with its great misleading sign, upon which were emblazoned the noble words: "Life-Saving Station."

"Grub City—hire buggy—drive Carcasonne," he muttered, and without a glance at the train which had betrayed him, or at the lady who had fallen upon him, so to speak, out of the skies, he moved forward with great strides, leaped a puddle, regained the embankment, and hastened along the ties, skipping every other one.

PROGRESS is wonderful in the Far West. Since he had last seen it only a year had passed, and yet the lovely city of Grub had doubled its size. It now consisted of two saloons: the old "Life-Saving Station" and the new "Like Father Used to Take." The proprietor of the new saloon was the old saloon-keeper's son-in-law, and these, with their flourishing and, no doubt, amiable families, were socially gathered on the shady side of the Life-Saving Station. The shade was much the same sort that is furnished by trees in more favored localities, and the population of Grub City was enjoying itself. The rival wives, mother and daughter, ample, rosy women, were busy stitching baby clothes. Children already arrived were playing with a soap-box and choice pebbles and a tin mug at keeping saloon. A sunburned-haired, flaming maiden of sixteen was at work upon a dress of white muslin, and a young man of eighteen, brother by his looks to the younger saloon-keeper, heartily feasted a pair of honest blue eyes upon her plump hands as they came and went with the needle. It looked as if another year might see a third saloon in Grub City.

Saterlee approached the group, some of whose elders had been watching and discussing his approach.

"Do any of you own a boat?" he asked.

"Train D-railed?" queried the proprietor of the Life-Saving Station, "or was you just out for a walk?"

The family and family-in-law laughed appreciatively.

"The train put to sea in a washout," said Saterlee, "and all the passengers were drowned."

"Where you want to git?" asked the proprietor.

"Carcasonne," said Saterlee. "Not the junction—the resort."

"Well," said the proprietor, "there's just one horse and just one trap in Grub City, and they ain't for hire."

Again the united families laughed appreciatively. It was evident that a prophet is not always without honor in his own land.

"We've no use for them," said the great man, with the noble abandoning gesture of a Spanish grandee about to present a horse to a man traveling by canoe. And he

added: "So they're for sale. Now what do you think they'd be worth to you?"

All the honest blue eyes, and there were no other colors, widened upon Saterlee.

"Fifty dollars," he said, as one accustomed to business. It was then that a panting, female voice was raised behind him. "Sixty dollars!"

His showy acquaintance of the dining-car had followed him along the ties as fast as she could, and was just come up.

"I thought you two was a trust," commented the proprietor's wife, pausing with her needle in the air. "But it seems you ain't even a community of interests."

"Seventy dollars," said Saterlee quietly. The lady advanced to his side, counting the change in her purse.

"Seventy-six dollars and eighty-five cents," she said. "Eighty dollars," said Saterlee.

"Oh!" cried the lady, "seventy-six eighty-five is every cent I've got with me—and you're no gentleman to bid higher."



"He glanced across the aisle at the showy woman who was daintily picking a chicken wing"

upon him through the air. She was accompanied by the hook and leg table upon which she had made her delicate meal, and all its appurtenances, including ice-water and a wide open jar of very thin mustard.

"Thank you," she murmured, as her impact drove most of the breath out of Saterlee's bull body. "How strong you are!"

"When you are rested, Ma'am," said he, with extreme punctiliousness, "I think we may leave the car by climbing over the sides of the seat on this side. Perhaps you can manage to let me pass you in case the door is jammed. I could open it."

He preceded her over and over the sides of the seats, opened the car door, which was not jammed, and helped her to the ground. And then, his heart of a parent having awakened to the situation, he forgot her and forsook her. He pulled a time-table from his pocket; he consulted a mile post, which had had the good sense to stop opposite the end of the car from which he had alighted. It was forty miles to Carcasonne—and only two to Grub City—a lovely city of the plain, consisting of one corru-

"Eighty," repeated Saterlee.
 "Eighty dollars," said the son-in-law, "for a horse and buggy that a man's never seen is too good to be true."
 "They are yours, sir," said the father-in-law, and he turned to his daughter's husband. "Is that horse in your cellar or in mine?" he asked. "I ain't set eyes on her since February."

The son-in-law, sent to fetch the horse, first paused at the cellar door of the Life-Saving Station, then, with a shake of the head and an "I remember now" expression, he approached and entered the subterranean of his own house and business, and disappeared, saying: "Whoa, there! Steady you."

Saterlee turned quietly to the angry and tearful vision whom he had so callously outbid.

"Ma'am," he said, "if we come to my stop first or thereabouts, the buggy is yours to go on with. If we reach yours first, it's mine."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, her face brightening, "how good you are. But you'll let me go halves on the purchase money."

"If I appeared rude just now," he said, "it was to save a lady's pocket. Now then, you've wet them high-heeled shoes. Wherever you're going, it's a long drive. Let's go inside and dry our feet while they're hitching up. Which is your house?"

The proprietor of the Life-Saving Station indicated that building with his thumb, and told his daughter of the white muslin dress to kindle a fire in the stove. She slid her future wedding finery into a large paper bag, and entered the saloon by the "Family Entrance," ardently followed by her future husband.

The proprietor, Saterlee and the showy lady followed more slowly, discussing roads.

"Now," said Saterlee, "if you're going further than Carcasonne Junction, I'll get off there. And either I'll walk to the hotel or hire another trap."

"Why?" exclaimed the lady, "are you bound for Carcasonne House?"

"In that case," said Saterlee elegantly, "we'll go the whole hog together."

"Quite so," said the lady primly.

"You'd ought to make Carcasonne House by midnight," said the proprietor. "Put your feet up on that there stove."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady. "And if we don't make it by midnight?"

"We will by one or two o'clock."

The lady became very grave.

"Of course," she said, "it can't be helped. But it would be ever so much nicer if we could get in before midnight."

"I take your point, Ma'am," said Saterlee. "Before midnight is just a buggy ride—after midnight means being out all night together. I feel for you, Ma'am, but I'm dinged if I see how we can help ourselves. It's five now." He counted on his fingers: six—seven—eight—nine—ten—eleven—twelve—seven hours—seven into forty—five and five-sevenths. . . . Ma'am," he said, "I can promise nothing. It's all up to the horse."

"Of course," said the lady, "it doesn't really matter. But," and she spoke a little bitterly, "several times in my life my actions and my motives have been open to misconstruction, and they have been misconstrued. I have suffered, sir, much."

"Well, Ma'am," said Saterlee, "my reputation as a married man and a father of many children is mixed up in this, too. If we are in late—or out late rather—and there's any talk—I guess I can quiet some of it. I rather guess I can."

He rose to his feet, a vast, round, deep man, glowing with health and energy.

"I once quieted a bull, Ma'am," said he, "by the horns. I would a held him till help came if one of the horns hadn't come off, and he ran away."

The proprietor entered the conversation with an insinuating wedge of a voice.

"I don't like to mind other folks' business," he said, "but if the lady is fretting about bein' out all night with a total stranger, I feel it my dooty to remark that in Grub City there is a justice of the peace." He bowed and made a gesture which either indicated his whole person, or that smug and bulging portion of it to which the gesture was more directly applied.

Saterlee and the lady did not look at each other and laugh. They were painfully embarrassed.

"Nothing like a sound splice," suggested the Justice, still hopeful of being helpful. "Failing that, you've a long row to hoe, and I suggest a life savor for the gent and a nip o' the same for the lady. I'd like you to see the bar," he added. "Mine is the show place of this here city—mirrors—peacock feathers—Ariadne in the mood—cash register—and everything hunky-dunk."

"We'll go you," said Saterlee. "At any rate, I will."

"Oh, I must see, too," said the lady, and both were relieved at the turn which the conversation had taken.

The proprietor removed the cheese-cloth fly protector from the two-by-three mirror over the bar, slipped a white jacket over his blue shirt, and rubbed his hands together invitingly, as if washing them.

"What's your pleasure, gents?" said he.

As the lady approached the bar she stumbled. Saterlee caught her by the elbow.

"That rail down there," he said, "ain't to trip over. It's to rest your foot on. So." He showed her. With the first sign of humor that she had shown, the lady suddenly and very capably mimicked his attitude. And in a tough voice (really an excellent piece of acting): "What's yours, kid?" she said. And then blushed to the eyes, and was very much ashamed of herself. But Saterlee and the bartender were delighted. They roared with laughter.

"Next thing," said the bartender, "she'll pull a gun and shoot up the place."

Saterlee said: "Rye."

"I want to be in it," said the lady. "Can you make me something that looks like a drink, and isn't?"

"Scotch," said the proprietor without hesitation.

"No—no," she said. "Water and coloring matter."

She was fitted finally with a pony of water containing a few drops of Spanish Red and an olive.

The three touched glasses and wished each other luck all around. Saterlee paid eighty dollars and some change across the bar. But the proprietor pushed back the change.

"The drinks," he said grandly, "was on the house."

III

THE united families bade them farewell, and Saterlee brought down the whip sharply upon the bony flank of the old horse which he had bought. But not for a whole minute did the sensation caused by the whip appear to travel to the ancient mare's brain. Not till reaching a deep puddle did she seem suddenly aware of the fact that she had been whipped. Then, however, she rushed through the puddle, covering Saterlee and the lady with mud, and having reached the other side, fell once more into a halting walk.

The lady was tightly wedged between Saterlee and the side of the buggy. Every now and then Saterlee made a tremendous effort to make himself narrower, but it was no use.

"If you begin to get numb," he said, "tell me, and I'll get out and walk a spell. . . ."

"How clear the air is! Seems as if you could stretch out your hand and touch the mountains. Do you see that shadow half-way up—on the left—about three feet off? Carcasonne House is somewhere in that shadow. And it's forty miles away."

Once more the road ran under a shallow of water. And once more the old mare remembered that she had been whipped, and made a rush for it. Fresh mud was added to that which had already dried upon them by the dry miracle of the air.

"She'd ought to have been a motor-boat," said Saterlee, the mud which had entered his mouth gritting unpleasantly between his teeth. "Last year there was one spring hole somewhere in these parts—this year it's all lakes and rivers—never was such rains before in the memory of man. Wonder what Gila River's doing?"



A panting female voice was raised behind him—"Sixty dollars!"

"What is Gila River?" she asked.
 "It's a sand gully," he said, "that winds down from the mountains, and out across the plain, like a sure enough river. Only there's no water in it, only a damp spot here and there. But I was thinking that maybe it'll be going some now. We ought to strike it before dark."

The mare rushed through another puddle.

The lady laughed. "Please don't bother to hold her," she said. "I don't mind—now."

"I guess your dress ain't really hurt," commented Saterlee. "I remember my old woman—Anna—had a brown silk that got a mud bath, and came through all right."

"This is an old rag, anyway," said the showy lady, who was still showy in spite of a wart-like knot of dried mud on the end of her nose. And she glanced at her spattered but graceful and expensive white linen and hand-embroidered dress.

"Well, I can see one thing," said Saterlee, "that you've made up your mind to go through this experience like

a good sport. I wish I didn't have to take up so much room."

"Never mind," she said, "I like to think that I could go to sleep without danger of falling out."

"That's so—that's so," said Saterlee. "Maybe it's just as well we're something of a tight fit."

"I have always mistrusted thin men," said the lady, and she hastily added: "Not that you're fat."

"My bones are covered," said Saterlee; "I admit it."

"Yes," she said, "but with big muscles and sinews."

"I am not weak," said Saterlee; "I admit it."

"What air this is," exclaimed the lady; "what delicious air. No wonder it cures people with lung trouble. Still, I'm glad mine are sound."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Ma'am," said Saterlee. "When you said you were bound for Carcasonne House, I thought to myself, 'Mebbe she's got it,' and I felt mighty sorry."

"Do I look like a consumptive?" she asked.

"Bless me—no," said he. "But you're not stout, and, considering where you said you was going, you mustn't blame me for putting two and two together and getting the wrong answer."

"I don't blame you at all," she said, but a little stiffly. "It was perfectly natural. No," she said, "my daughter is at Carcasonne House. She had a very heavy cold—and other troubles—and two doctors agreed that her lungs were threatened. Well, perhaps they were. I sent her to Carcasonne House on the doctors' recommendation. And it seems that she's just as sound as I am."

"What a relief to you, Ma'am," said Saterlee hastily.

"Yes," she said, but without enthusiasm, "a great relief."

He screwed his massive head around on his massive neck, not without difficulty, and looked at her. His voice sounded hurt.

"You don't seem very glad, Ma'am," he said.

Her answer, on a totally different topic, surprised him.

"Do you believe in blood?" she said. "Do you believe that blood will—must tell?"

"Ma'am," he said, "if I can draw my cheek for twenty-five thousand dollars it's because I was born believing that blood will tell. It's because I've acted on it all my life. And it's the truth, and I've made a fortune out of it. . . . Cattle," he added in explanation.

"I don't know what you think of women," she said, "who talk of their affairs to strangers. But my heart is so full of mine. I did so hope to reach Carcasonne early this evening. It don't seem to me as if I could stand hours and hours behind that horse without talking to some one. Do you mind if I talk to you?" she appealed. "Somehow you're so big and steady-minded—you don't seem like a stranger."

"Ma'am," said Saterlee, the most chivalrous courtesy in his voice, for hers had sounded truly distressed, "fire away!"

"It's about my daughter," she said. "She has made up her mind to marry a young man whom I scarcely know. But about him and his antecedents I know this: that his father has buried three wives."

The blood rushed into Saterlee's face and nearly strangled him. But the lady, who was leaning forward, elbows on knees and face between hands, did not perceive this convulsion of nature.

"If blood counts for anything," said she, "the son has perhaps the same brutish instincts. A nice prospect for my girl—to suffer—to die—and to be superseded. The man's second wife was in her grave but three weeks when he had taken a third. I am told he is a great, rough, bullying man. No wonder the poor souls died. The son is a tremendous great fellow, too. Oh! blood will tell every time," she exclaimed. "M. A. Saterlee, the cattle man—do you know him?"

"Yep!" Saterlee managed, with an effort that would have moved a ton. "I am going to appeal to her," said the lady. "I have been a good mother to her. I have suffered for her. And she must—she shall—listen to me."

"If I can help in any way," said Saterlee, somewhat grimly, "you can count on me. . . . Not," he said a little later, "that I'm in entire sympathy with your views, Ma'am. . . . Now, if you'd said this man Saterlee had divorced three wives. . . ."

The lady started. And in her turn suffered from a torrential rush of blood to the face. Saterlee perceived it through her spread

fingers, and was pleased.

"If you had said that this man," he went on, "had tired of his first wife and had divorced her, or been divorced by her, because his desire was to another woman, then I would go your antipathy for him, Ma'am. But I understand he buried a wife, and took another, and so on. There is a difference. Because God Almighty Himself says in one of His books that man was not meant to live alone. Mebbe, Ma'am, the agony of losing a faithful and tender companion is what sets a man—some men—to looking for a successor. Mebbe the more a man loved his dead wife the quicker is he driven to find a living woman that he can love. But for people who can't cling together until death—and death alone part 'em—for such people, Ma'am, I don't give a ding."

"And you are wrong," said the lady, who, although nettled by the applicability of his remarks to her own case, had recovered her composure. "Let us say that a good woman marries a man, and that he dies—not the death—but dies to her. Tires of her, carries his love

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to another, and all that. Isn't he as dead, even if she loved him, as if he had really died? He is dead to her—buried—men don't come back. Well, maybe the more she loved that man the quicker she is to get the service read over him—that's divorce—and find another whom she can trust and love. Suppose that happens to her twice. The cases would seem identical, sir, I think. Except that I could understand divorcing a man who had become intolerable to me; but I could never, never fancy myself marrying again—if my husband, in the course of nature, had died still loving me, still faithful to me. . . . So you see the cases are not identical. . . . And that only remarriage after divorce is defensible."

"I take your point," said Saterlee. She had spoken warmly and vehemently, with an honest ring in her voice. "I have never thought of it along those lines. . . . See that furrow across the road—that's where a snake has crossed. . . . But I may as well tell you, Ma'am, that I myself have buried more than one wife. And yet when I size myself up to myself I don't seem a regular hell-hound."

"If we are to be on an honest footing," said the lady, "I must tell you that I have divorced more than one husband, and yet when I size myself up, as you call it, I do not seem to myself a lost woman. It's true that I act for my living."

"I know," he interrupted, "you are Mrs. Kimbal. But I thought I knew more about you than I seem to. I'm Saterlee. And my business at Carcassonne House is the same as yours."

She was silent for a moment. And then: "Well," she said, "here we are. And that's lucky in a way. We both seem to want the same thing—that is, to keep our children from marrying each other. We can talk the matter over and decide how to do it."

"We can talk it over anyway, as you say," said Saterlee. But—and he fished in his pocket and brought out his son's letter and gave it to her. She read it in the waning light.

"But," he repeated gently, "that don't read like a letter that a brute of a son would write to a brute of a father: now, does it?"

She did not answer. But she opened her purse and took out a carefully and minutely folded sheet of note-paper. "That's my Dolly's letter to me," she said, "and it doesn't sound like—" her voice broke. He took the letter from her and read it.

"No, it doesn't," he said. And he said it roughly, because nothing brought rough speech out of the man so surely as tears—when they were in his own eyes. "Well," said Mrs. Kimbal with a sigh, "let's talk."

"No," said Saterlee, "let's think."

IV

THEY could hear from far ahead a sound as of roaring waters.

"That," said Saterlee dryly, "will be Gila River. Maybe we'll have to think about getting across that first. It's a river now, by the sound of it, if it never was before."

"Fortunately it's not dark yet," said Mrs. Kimbal. "The last time I had trouble with a river," said Saterlee, "was when my first wife died. That was the American River in flood. I had to cross it to get a doctor. We'd gone prospecting—just the old woman and me—more for a lark than profit."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Kimbal sympathetically. "She took sick in an hour," he went on. "From what I've heard since, I guess it was appendicitis. Anyway, I rode off for help, hell for leather, and when I came to the river the whole thing was roaring and foaming like a waterfall. My horse, and he was a good one, couldn't make it. But I did. And when I came to it on the return trip with the doctor, he gave me a look and folded his arms. 'Mark,' he said, 'I'm no boaster, but my life is not without value. I think it's my duty not to attempt this crossing.' 'Jim,' I said, 'if you don't your soul will be scotched. Don't you know it? Folks'll point at you as the doctor that didn't dare.' 'It's not the daring, Mark,' he says, 'it's wanting to be sure that I make the right choice.' I says: 'She was in terrible pain, Jim. Many a time she's done you a good turn: some you know of, some you don't.' That fetched him. He caught up his bridle and drove his spurs into his horse, and was swept downstream like a leaf. I rode down the bank to help if I could. But he got across on a long diagonal—horse and all. I waved to him to go on and not mind about me. And he rode off at the gallop. But I was too heavy, I guess. I lost my second horse in that flood, and had to foot it into camp. I was too late. Pain had made her unconscious, and she was dead. But before givin' in she'd wrote me a letter." He broke off short. "And there's Gila River," he said.

"I hoped you were going to tell me what your poor wife said in her letter," said Mrs. Kimbal. "Oh, Ma'am," he said, hesitated, cleared his throat, and became routed and confused.

"If you'd rather not—" said Mrs. Kimbal. "It isn't that," he said. "It would seem like bragging."

"Surely not," she said.

Saterlee, with his eyes on the broad, brown flood which they were approaching, repeated like a lesson: "Mark—I'm dying. I want it to do good, not harm. Jenny always thought the world of you. You'll be lonely when I'm gone. I don't want you to be lonely. You gave me peace on earth. And you can't be happy unless you've got a woman to pet and pamper. That's your nature."

He paused. "That was all," he said, and wiped his forehead with the palm of his hand. "It just stopped there."

"I'm glad you told me," said Mrs. Kimbal gently. "It will be a lesson to me not to spring to conclusions, and not to make up my mind about things I'm not familiar with."

When they came to where the road disappeared under the swift unbroken brown of Gila River, the old horse paused of her own accord, and, turning her bony and scarred head a half revolution, stared almost rudely at the occupants of the buggy.

"It all depends," said Saterlee, "how deep the water runs over the road, and whether we can keep to the road. You see, it comes out higher up than it goes in. Can you swim, Ma'am?"

Mrs. Kimbal admitted that, in clothes made to the purpose, and in very shallow water, she was not without proficiency.

"Would you rather we turned back?" he asked. "I feel sure you'll get me over," said she.

"Then," said Saterlee, "let's put the hood down. In case we do capsize, we don't want to get caught under it."

Saterlee on his side, and Mrs. Kimbal did as she was told. But the buggy, relieved at last of all weight, slid off sideways with the current, turned turtle, and was carried swiftly downstream. Saterlee staggering, for the footing was uncertain, and holding Mrs. Kimbal high in his arms, started for shore. The water rose above his waist, and kept rising. He halted, bracing himself against the current.

"Ma'am," he said in a discouraged voice, "it's no use. I've just got to let you get wet. We've got to swim to make it."

"All right," she said cheerfully. "Some folks," he said, "likes to go overboard sudden; some likes to go in by degrees."

"Between the two for me," said Mrs. Kimbal. "Not suddenly, but firmly and without hesitation."

She gave a little shivery gasp. "It's not really cold," she said. "How strong the current pulls. Will you have to swim and tow me?"

"Yes," he said. "Then wait," she said. "Don't let me be carried away."

He steadied her while she drew the hat-pins from her hat and dropped it as carelessly on the water as if that had been her dressing-table. Then she took down her hair. It was in two great brown, shining braids. The ends disappeared in the water, listing downstream.

Shorn of her hat and her elaborate hair-dressing, the lady was no longer showy, and Saterlee, out of the tail of an admiring eye, began to see real beauties about her that had hitherto eluded him. Whatever other good qualities and virtues she may have tossed overboard during a stormy and unhappy life, she had still her nerve with her. So Saterlee told himself.

"It will be easier, won't it," she said, "if you have my hair to hold by? I think I can manage to keep on my back."

"May I, Ma'am?" said Saterlee. She laughed at his embarrassment. And half-thrust the two great braids into the keeping of his strong left hand.

A moment later Saterlee could no longer keep his footing. "Now, Ma'am," he said, "just let yourself go."

And he swam to shallow water, not without great labor, towing Mrs. Kimbal by the hair. But here he picked her up in his arms, this time with no word spoken, and carried her ashore. Some moments passed.

"Well," she said, laughing, "aren't you going to put me down?"

"Oh!" said he, terribly confused, "I forgot. I was just casting an eye around for that horse. She's gone."

"Never mind—we'll walk."

"It'll be heavy going, wet as you are," said he. "I'll soon be dry in this air," she said.

Saterlee managed to pull his boots on over his wet socks, and Mrs. Kimbal, having given him his wet coat from her neck, stooped and wrung as much water as she could from her clothes.

It was now nearly dark, but they found the road and went on.

"What time is it?" she asked. "My watch was in my vest," said Saterlee. "How far to Carcassonne House?"

"Bout thirty miles."

She did not speak again for some time. "Well," she said, a little hardness in her voice, "you'll hardly be in time to steer your boy away from my girl."

"No," said he, "I won't. An' you'll hardly be in time to steer your girl away from my boy."

"Oh," she said, "you misconceive me entirely, Mr. Saterlee. As far as I'm concerned, my only regret now is that I shan't be in time to dance at the wedding."

"Ma'am?" he said, and there was something husky in his voice.

ABOUT midnight they saw a light, and, forsaking what they believed in hopeful moments to be the road, they made for it across country. Across open spaces of sand, into gullies and out of gullies, through stinging patches of yucca and prickly pear, through breast-high chaparral, meshed, knotted, and matted, like a clumsy weaving together of very tough ropes, some with thorns, and all with sharp points and elbows.

They had long since dispensed with all conversation except what bore on their situation. Earlier in the night the darkness and the stars had worn a story of divorce out of Mrs. Kimbal, and Saterlee had found himself longing to have the man at hand and by the throat.

And she had prattled of her many failures on the stage and, latterly, of her more successful ventures, and of a baby boy that she had had, and how that while she was off playing "on the road" her husband had come in drunk and had given the baby the wrong medicine. And it was about then that she had left off conversing.

For in joy it is hard enough to find the way in the dark, while for those in sorrow it is not often that it can be found at all.

The light proved to be a lantern upon the little porch of a ramshackle shanty. An old man with immense horn-rimmed spectacles was reading by it out of a tattered magazine. When the couple came close, the old man looked up from his reading, and blessed his soul several times.

"It do beat the Dutch!" he exclaimed in whining nasal tones, "if here ain't two more."

"Two more what?" said Saterlee.

"It's the floods, I reckon," whined the old man. "There's



"Now," said he, "you'll have to let me carry you"

Kimbal, not without exclamations of annoyance, on hers, broke the toggle-joints that held the dilapidated hood in place, and thrust it backward and down. At once the air seemed to circulate with greater freshness.

For some moments Saterlee considered the river, upstream, downstream, and across, knitting his brows to see better, for the light was failing by leaps and bounds. Then, in an embarrassed voice:

"I've got to do it," he said. "It's only right."

"What?" said Mrs. Kimbal. "I feel sure," he said, "that under the circumstances you'll make every allowance, Ma'am."

Without further hesitation—in fact, with almost desperate haste, as if wishing to dispose of a disagreeable duty—he ripped open the buttons of his waistcoat and removed it at the same time with his coat, as if the two had been but one garment. He tossed them into the bottom of the buggy in a disorderly heap. But Mrs. Kimbal rescued them, separated them, folded them neatly, and stowed them under the seat.

Saterlee made no comment. He was thinking of the state of a shirt that he had had on since early morning, and was wondering how, with his elbows pressed very tightly to his sides, he could possibly manage to unlace his boots. He made one or two tentative efforts. But Mrs. Kimbal seemed to divine the cause of his embarrassment.

"Please," she said, "don't mind anything—on my account."

He reached desperately, and regardlessly, for his boots, unlaced them, and took them off.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Kimbal, "both your heels need darning!"

Saterlee had tied his boots together, and was fastening them around his neck by the remainder of the laces.

"I haven't anybody to do my darning now," he said. "My girls are all at school, except two that's married. So—" He finished his knot, took the reins in his left hand and the whip in his right.

At first the old mare would not budge. Switching was of no avail. Saterlee brought down the whip upon her with a sound like that of small cannon. She sighed and walked gingerly into the river.

The water rose slowly (or the river bottom shelved very gradually), and they were half-way across before it had reached the hubs of the wheels. But the mare appeared to be in deeper. She refused to advance, and once more turned and stared with a kind of wistful rudeness. But she saw the whip before it fell, made a desperate plunge, and floundered forward into deep water—but without the buggy.

One rotten shaft had broken clean off, both rotten traces, and the reins, upon which hitherto there had been no warning pull, were jerked from Saterlee's loose fingers. The old mare reached the further shore presently, swimming and scrambling upon a descending diagonal, stalked sedately up the bank, and then stood still, only turning her head to look at the buggy stranded in midstream. The sight appeared to arouse whatever of youthful mischief remained in the feeble old heart. She seemed to gather herself for a tremendous effort, then snorted once, and kicked thrice—three feeble kicks of perhaps six inches in the perpendicular.

Mrs. Kimbal exploded into laughter. "Wouldn't you know she was a woman?" she said. But Saterlee was climbing out of the buggy.

"Now," said he, "if you'll just tie my coat round your neck by the sleeves—let the vest go hang—and then you'll have to let me carry you."

three on the kitchen floor and there's two ladies in my bed. That's why I'm sittin' up. There wa'n't no bed for a man in his own house. But I found this here old copy of the 'Medical Revoo,' 'n' I'm puttin' in the time with erysipelis."

"But," said Saterlee, "you must find some place for this lady to rest. She is worn out with walking and hunger."

"Stop!" whined the old man, smiting his thigh, "if there ain't that there mattress in the loft! And I clean

forgot, and told the boys that I hadn't nothin' better than a rug or two 'n the kitchen floor."

"A mattress!" exclaimed Saterlee. "Splendid! I guess you can sleep some on anything near as good as a mattress. Can't you, Ma'am?"

"Indeed I could!" she said. "But you have been through as much as I have—more. I won't take it."

The old man's whine interrupted.

"Ain't you two married?" he said.

"Nop," said Saterlee shortly.

"Now ain't that ridiculous?" meditated the old man; "I thought you was all along." His eyes brightened behind the spectacles. "It ain't for me to interfere in course," he said, "but hereabouts I'm a Justice of the Peace." Neither spoke.

"I could rouse up the boys in the kitchen for witnesses," he insinuated.

Saterlee turned suddenly to Mrs. Kimbal, but his voice was very humble.

"Ma'am?" he suggested.

Meddlers With Fate

The Singular Tramp and the Woman of the Red Tank Station



"Sort of unfeelin' in me to talk about him that way," she said, "but I was nothin' but a fool girl when I got married to him"

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

THE bar of sunlight that cut the gloom of the box-car widened abruptly, and a black capped, big-jawed man's head was thrust through the door. A crouching shape in one corner of the car shrank back in a vain attempt to identify itself with the surrounding shadows.

"Hello, Bill," said the head. "Where yuh goin'?"

"To California," replied the crouching one hoarsely.

"Got a dollar?"

"No."

"Got four bits?"

"No."

"Well, unload, then! This is your station! Pile out!"

The brakeman stepped back and watched the evicted tramp's clumsy descent from the car door. The latter, brought suddenly into the full glare of the Wyoming noonday, stumbled as he dropped to the uneven roadbed, and sprawled down upon his hands and knees. His battered derby hat fell off, revealing a well-shaped forehead and short, carefully combed hair, tinged with gray. He picked up the hat and struggled to his feet.

"Sick?" inquired the brakeman.

The other stared stupidly about him, without replying. His thin face, under its layer of railroad grime, was drawn with misery that bordered on unconsciousness. His stained, crumpled clothing, sagging loosely about his emaciated shoulders and legs, added the final touches to an effect of utter wretchedness.

"I say, are you sick?" repeated the brakeman. His inflection demanded an answer rather as a courtesy due himself than because he felt any interest in the condition he inquired about. The tone of his question and the sneer on his lips concealed the softness of the tramp's big hazel eyes.

"What's that to you?" he said.

"Dawn't—git—gay!" snarled the brakeman. "Yuh 'boes think yuh own the railroad. If I catch yuh on this train again, I'll kick yuh off, movin' or not movin'! Take it from me!"

The tramp turned his back and made his way toward the engine. The train had stopped on a siding. Near the front end was a red water-tank and tank-keeper's establishment, in general conformity with the two hundred and forty others that dot the lines of the U. P. west of Omaha. With the exception of the railroad and the long lines of barbed wire fence on either side of the track,

there were no other signs of humanity. The country billowed away on all sides in wide, treeless valleys and ridges. The whitish soil of the hillsides was rendered grayish by scattering growths of sage-brush, and in the swales a wiry, gray-green grass half-clothed the nakedness of the ground. Far to northward, a line of mountains, black with crags and dazzling white with snow-clefts, glided across the horizon, under a few large, shining clouds.

The tramp stopped among the rafters that supported the water-tank. There was a faucet there, and he put his mouth under it and drank a few swallows. With somewhat steadier step he proceeded to the front door of the tank-keeper's little red house and knocked. The door was opened by a fresh-faced, keen-eyed American woman, neatly clad in a figured muslin dress that closed at the throat with a large cameo-brooch. The tramp removed his hat.

"Could I buy a loaf of bread from you?" he asked.

"No," she replied, with a lack of interest that suggested familiarity with the question. "We ain't got any to spare."

"I'd be willing to pay you fifteen cents for even half a loaf," persisted the tramp. "I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday noon."

"Most of 'em has been without from three days to two weeks," she retorted grimly. "You'd better—" She paused, measuring the tramp's physical and spiritual stature with her bright gray eyes. There was self-conscious capability in her scrutiny and definiteness in her conclusion.

"Go round behind the barn, there, to the back of the house," she said. "And don't let any of the men at the tank see you either."

At the back door she met him with a loaf of bread and some pieces of cold meat on a newspaper.

"There you are," she said. "It's against the company's rules to give or sell any food to—to sell any food, you know; so you don't want to let the trainmen see you with this. No, you keep your money. I guess you ain't got any too much, eh?"

In the friendliness of her face and voice the tramp's thanks trailed off into a broken murmur.

"Why, bless us! you're about all in, ain't you?" she

commented, with cheerful concern. "Well, a little vittals sometimes does wonders for a hungry man. There's your train whistlin'! You'd better be makin' tracks for your side-door Pullman! Good luck to you!"

"Before I go," returned the tramp, awkwardly transferring the food and his crumpled hat to his left arm, "I'd like to ask another favor of you: I'd like—to kiss your hand!"

"My Lord!" ejaculated the woman, blushing scarlet. "Why, a man ain't done that for fifteen years!" She looked perplexedly at the tramp's disreputable figure and drew back a little. "Look here!" she said sharply. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing—nothing at all," he assured her. "Excuse me. It's too much for a 'bo to ask, isn't it? Only I couldn't seem to get a-hold of the words to thank you, not so much for the grub, you understand, as for being—well, excuse me. Just let me say you're the first person that's treated me like a human for weeks. I'm so thankful for it I can't say much."

"My mistake—I didn't understand," returned the woman hurriedly. "There's your train pulling out! You'll have to run to catch it!"

"I'm not going to catch it," said the tramp. "Been put off. I guess I'll have to walk a while. Good by—and a million thanks!"

He bowed, put on his hat, and shambled out toward the track.

"Say!" called the woman, from a distance of fifty feet. "Did you know the next water-tank was sixteen miles?"

"No," replied the tramp, turning and removing his hat. "Thank you for the information. I'll have to hurry along, won't I? Thank you. Good-by!"

He bowed again, replaced his hat, and shambled on.

"Say!" she called again, when the distance had increased to a hundred yards. The roar of the train drowned her voice. She stepped to the ground, made a trumpet of her hands, and called more loudly; but the tramp was walking beside the clanging car-wheels, and did not hear. She stood hesitating, her hands upon her hips, watching the bowed figure. Her forehead was lined, and her deep bosom heaved with perplexity. Finally, with a short exclamation that might have been taken as signifying impatience, disgust, resignation, or all three, she turned back into her kitchen.

A dishpan full of soft, white dough stood on the back of the shining kitchen stove, and she prodded it with a

critical forefinger. The test seemed to be satisfactory, for she carried it over to a flour-covered board and began to knead it. A large, languid cat blinked up at her from a patch of sunlight near the table.

"Well, Mops," she addressed the animal, "I've seen lots of 'boes, and fed a few, but I never saw nor fed one like that."

The cat yawned and resumed its nap.

"Sleep, you lazy-bones," she continued. "You're nothing but a poor dumb brute. Personally, that 'bo is on my mind. If he does those sixteen miles before night, I miss my guess. And if he does do 'em, Flannery'll probably set the dog on him. Besides, I believe the poor 'bo's sick."

She dusted the flour from her hands, went to the door, and took a long look.

"There he goes," she ruminated; "creepin' along at all of a mile an hour. Why don't he set down and eat his vittals?—Well, it's none of my business," she concluded. "The Lord knows I've had fierce enough luck with the men-folks."

But by the time the dough had been divided, placed comfortably in pans, and set away for the "last rising," she displayed uneasiness and abstraction indicative of a divided mind. She thoughtfully swept out the kitchen and thoughtfully peeled a pan of potatoes. The orderly room rewarded her searching glance with no suggestion of anything further to be done. She sat down, for a moment, folding her big, capable hands in her lap. They were hardly the sort of hands that the proverbial devil would requisition, even in idleness; and, indeed, it is probable that a very different sort of master prompted the decision she took, after a few additional minutes of searching for something to do.

Carefully, as if fearful of disturbing some one, she opened one of the two doors that gave into the front of the house. The room which she entered was darkened, but she crossed sure-footedly to a small writing-desk, and drew forth a pencil and a piece of paper. As she was about to leave the room, she turned and stood for a moment in contemplation of it.

It was evidently the "best room." There were lace curtains at the three small windows, and pictures hung on the papered walls. A thick, round rug of brilliantly colored rags was spread in the center of the floor. On opposite edges of the rug stood two wooden chairs, each of which supported one end of a heavy, oblong, pine box.

"Well, D. T.," she apostrophized the box, "I'm going to leave you alone for a while. You never made much bones about leaving me alone, whenever it suited you; and I guess you won't mind me leaving you now."

She closed the door, as grimly and decisively as if it shut away a part of her life, and entered a room that opened off another side of the kitchen. When she returned, five minutes later, she wore a man's canvas jacket, a man's felt hat, and a divided riding-skirt of heavy corduroy. In her hand she carried a bit of paper, which, after some hesitation, she pinned to the wall above the kitchen table.

"Jerry," it read, "you will find plenty of cold vittals for the parson and you in the pantry if I don't get back to supper. Stop the wind-mill if the tank is full. Go right on with the arrangements like I was here; I guess you and the parson can tend to everything all right without me anyway. Give Mops some of the skimmed milk. Mother."

The sun was slanting far westward as she led a horse, saddled and bridled, from the little red barn, and started along the billowing right-of-way, on the trail of the tramp.

II

ONE is easily tired in the thin air of the Wyoming plateaus, especially if one's lungs are not very good. The tramp's lungs were distinctly not very good. By the time he had topped the first rise, which looked so near and was so far, he was almost too tired and full of aches to eat. However, he managed to choke down a dozen mouthfuls, and then resumed his march along the intervening swale toward the next rise. He had formed the habit of making each summit or curve of the track a separate goal. This helped him to keep moving, when a continual realization of the whole distance before him would have driven him to lethargic despair.

A current of cool, thin air greeted him when he attained the summit of the next rise. He sank down upon a boulder beside the track, gritting his teeth with the torture that every new movement extracted from his heated head, exhausted legs, and blistered feet. But as he sat there, he began, for the first time, to notice the aspect of the country. He had been so anxious to reach California, as the one spot where he might get rid of the demon that had fastened upon his chest, that any place bearing a different name had seemed only a sickening desert, to be passed through as quickly as possible.

From his elevated position, the mountains to the north seemed very near. Their grandeur and calmness soothed him like slow music. He let his eyes wander over the wide, rolling reach of intervening country. They stopped suddenly, arrested by a thin spiral of smoke. He even imagined he could make out the hut from which the smoke came. In his exhaustion, the will to live that had driven him so many weary miles, deserted him completely. He cared for nothing but rest, a long quiet, in a little hut with blue smoke rising from the chimney, and the everlasting hills behind.

He arose and set his face yearningly toward his new desire. Surely he could see the hut; surely it could not be more than six miles away. He crept painfully through the barbed wire fence and advanced down a sweeping declivity, perhaps three miles in extent. Because he was walking down hill, and had left behind the burdensome necessity of getting to California, the way seemed easier. Half-way down the declivity he drew a deep breath and stopped abruptly, as might a man whose mind had hit upon a sudden delightful discovery.

"Why, this is a high, dry plateau! This is a land of sunshine and pure air!" he almost shouted. "What a blind fool I've been! I've arrived! Here I raise my Ebenezer! Hail Columbia!"

He let himself sink down upon the warm ground, and stared about with the wide, eager eyes of an astonished child. Then, almost before he realized it, his exaltation was succeeded by a great drowsiness. He stretched himself out on the warm hillside, and went to sleep.

When he awoke he was stiff and trembling with cold. A long splash of glowing crimson, spread, like molten glass, along the escarped western horizon, showed where the sun had gone down.

He got to his feet, numb but greatly refreshed, and made his way toward the protection of the swale beneath him, gathering a few large clumps of sage-brush as he went. With the assistance of the paper that wrapped his bread and meat, he managed to kindle the brush into a blaze. Squatting before it, he devoured his remaining bread and meat.

WHILE the sky blackened, and the blue Wyoming night closed around him, he collected more brush. The increasing darkness, the rustling of the sage-brush in the light wind, and finally the distant "Ki-yi-yi—he-he-he!" of a coyote inspired him with a primitive alertness and stealth. He drew a revolver from one of his hip pockets, and examined its loads by the firelight. Crouching over the little blaze and feeding it sage-brush, a stalk at a time, his eyes roved uneasily, his ears became strangely sensitive to the slightest suspicious sound. He was afraid, thoroughly afraid; and yet it was not an altogether displeasing sort of fear. He was quite ready to laugh at himself when a louder rustling of the sage-brush, now behind him, now at his right side, made him crouch lower and grasp the butt of a revolver.

A distant glow and rumble resolved themselves into a passenger train. As it tore through the darkness, a mile and a half away from him, a sudden wedge of light

tance but distinct as the tone of a bell. "Don't do anything rash with that gun!"

He thrust the revolver back into his pocket with embarrassed haste and went to meet her. She came to him out of the darkness, striding down the slope with long, swinging steps. He knew it was the woman of the tank-keeper's house long before he looked into her face.

"It's chilly, ain't it?" she said. "Put your hat back on your head, where it belongs, and let's go over to the fire and get warm."

"I knew it was you before I saw you," he said, taking his place at her side.

"Sure; that's the reason you got out your revolver," she retorted. "Well, I knew it was you, too. Nobody else would a-been campin' out on a hillside, and tryin' to keep up a fire with sage-brush! If it hadn't been for the fire, I'd a-missed you. I've been clean to the next water-tank."

"Lookin'—for me?" he asked.

"Well, yes," she admitted, turning her face toward him. "You sure looked as if you needed somebody to look after you."

He found no reply to this admission, and they walked in silence to the little fire.

"Let's sit down and talk," she suggested, showing no desire to profit by the glowing embers. "You know we folks out here don't git to see so many people that we can afford to have 'em campin' close by without passin' the time of day, anyway. You're from the East, ain't you?"

"From Chicago," replied the tramp, piling the rest of the brush on the fire and sitting down at a respectful distance.

"And why are you on the bum—if the question ain't too personal?"

"I was going to California—for my health, you know."

"I see; and you didn't have the price of the Limited," she returned, with perfect comprehension. "I saw you wasn't any common 'bo as soon as I laid eyes on you. Were you in business in Chicago?" she asked after a moment's silence.

"I was a printer—a man that sets type," he explained. "But I got laid off, that's over eight months ago, and most of my cash went while I was trampin' the streets looking for a job. Then I got this here cough. It scared me silly when a doctor told me I had consumption. He wanted two hundred dollars to cure me."

"I don't believe much in doctors myself," she interrupted. "They've got to make you think you're bad off so's they can git your money. He was prob'ly tryin' to scare you."

"Why—maybe he was!" conceded the tramp. "I was a fool not to think of that before, but he talked so dead serious—and he had such a bunch of whiskers! You know, when a man's got whiskers—all down the side of his face—whatever he says—"

The woman laughed outright.

"Oh, you're right, I guess," he hastened to add, laughing a little himself. "Only I never could get over the notion!"

"And so you started out for California?" she asked.

"Yes. But I've just about come to the conclusion that this country is about as good as any I'll find."

"It sure is," she replied. "Over at James' Ranch, that's about seventeen miles from here, where my son Jerry works, they don't do nothing much but board 'dudes' that come to get well. It 'ud cost you twelve dollars a week over there. Their 'dudes' is mostly swells from the East."

"I reckon I could last about half a day," said the tramp, smiling. "I thought maybe I could find a place where I could do odd jobs for my board," he added. "I'm pretty husky yet. In fact, it comes to me that maybe you're right about that doctor trying to throw a scare into me."

"Sure he was," she declared, with quick sympathy. "You'll get all right."

He looked at her with wondering gratitude and friendliness. The smooth walls of darkness, the knowledge of their isolation so shut them in together that the passing minutes wrought upon them the effect of days of casual intercourse. In the compass of a dozen sentences they had passed from petty generalities to the most intimate personalities of their lives.

"In that California place they said some of the patients could work building houses while they was getting well," remarked the tramp. "I was always handy with tools."

"How'd you like to work around the water-tank back there?" she asked abruptly.

"Fine!" he declared, overjoyed with this sudden fulfillment of his most sanguine hopes. "But do you think your husband 'ud want me? I ain't had much experience with water-tanks."

"I guess D. T. won't object," she answered grimly. "He got mixed up with the Limited a couple of days ago, durin' one of his spells. Everybody called him 'D. T.' because he always had 'em more or less vigorous," she explained. "I ain't had an easy time runnin' the tank the last few years, what with him tryin' to kill me or set the house on fire."

"Do you mean he was killed?" asked the tramp in an awed undertone.

"Well, not so much killed as scattered over the landscape," said the woman. Her face showed set and hard by the flicker of the little fire. "But what's the use of thinkin' about it?"

"It seems sort of—sort of—" he hesitated.

"Sort of unfeelin' for me to talk about him that



"Could I buy a loaf of bread from you?" he asked

from the engine's fire-box swept across his hillside. His breath stopped with excitement and terror. Half-way down the slope, the moving finger flashed across a black shape, as tall as a man, thick, upright, moving toward him. The wedge of light passed almost as soon as it touched this apparition; and the train roared over the top of the rise, leaving the darkness and silence as before.

As soon as he could rouse himself from the semi-cataleptic state into which the sight had thrown him, the tramp piled half of his remaining supply of sage-brush on the fire. When the little flames licked upward, he arose, holding his revolver in his hand, and tried to pierce the gloom of the hillside in the direction of the moving figure.

"Hello, there!" called a woman's voice, faint with dis-

way?" she suggested. "Well, maybe so. But I was nothin' but a fool girl when I got married to him—and I only knew him two weeks before. I always make up my mind sudden like that. It's the only time I ever got left. I was always sorry I married him. Let's forget it."

The tramp stirred the fire with his foot. His face showed the ferment of many active ideas.

"I've got some decent clothes back in Chicago," he remarked, apropos of nothing. "A friend is going to send 'em on to me when I write for them."

"Thanks!" he retorted, doffing his hat and meeting her eyes boldly. "Just for that I'll make the assertion that you're a remarkable fine figure of a woman, without any soakin' nor sandpaperin'!"

"Tush! Tush!" she retorted. "I don't want any of your taffy!"

"It ain't taffy! I mean every word of it! Never was more serious in my life!" he declared, forgetting completely what "it" was, but flustered by the feeling that he was "getting on." The woman laughed.

"Just wait till you're feelin' better, and have got a few dollars in your pocket," she said. "Off you'll go, back to Chicago, without even a thankee-ma'am!"

"Not by a damn sight! I mean—excuse me—I mean to say I won't be doing any such—"

"I sorter like the first better," she interrupted.

"Well, then, 'Not by a damn sight' it is!" he agreed. "I think I'm going to like this country fine; and not so much the country as some other things that—"

"It is a great country, ain't it?" she interrupted again. "You git to kinder like the loneliness, and all that, when you're used to it."

There was a calm depth of affection, of contentedness, in the simple words that effectually stemmed personalities.

"I never thought anything could be so grand, nor so—big!" he answered fervently. "I'm all done with hittin' the pavements! I want to learn to shoot, and ride a horse!"

The woman, listening and looking, appreciated the depth and strength of the sources of his desire. She arose slowly to her feet.

"They must be awful places, them big cities," she said.

"They're hell," answered the man simply.

The woman drew a deep breath and seemed, with a shrug of her shoulders, to shake the thought from her.

"Well, you can take your first lesson in riding right now," she said. "My horse's tied over there on the

right-of-way. You can ride him back, and I'll walk alongside; seeing you're such an invalid!"

"I feel a good deal less like an invalid than you'd think," he returned, rising with comparative alacrity.

"Oh, do you really?"

"Yes, I do!" he declared. "And just for that tone in your voice, I want you to let me, before we go—what I asked you—this noon!"

"Oh, you do? You just want me to, eh?" A very ancient perversity, ready to tempt and deny, made vibrant her voice and posture.

"Well, then, by Jingo, I'll make you," he declared, "if I have to break a leg trying!"

"I suppose I ought to be careful of your health, seeing you're such an invalid," she returned. "So there, Mr. 'Bo'!"

With a sort of regal condescension that was yet allied to submission, she ungloved her hand and extended it toward him. The erstwhile tramp placed his coat-sleeve, where the grime was less evident than on his hand, beneath it, and touched it with his lips. As she withdrew it, he looked up at her mocking lips.

"If only I wasn't so dog-goned dirty!" he groaned.

"Soap-suds and sandpaper," she suggested, turning away. "Come on, Mr. 'Bo, and I'll teach you to ride!"

Thirsty Anna

The Nearly True Story of the Little Girl Who Drank Up the Hudson River

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Illustrated by PETER NEWELL

ONCE upon a time there was a tiny little giant girl, the youngest daughter of a giant who was so busy that he didn't have time to see that she had proper attention, and so she didn't grow to be as big as most giant girls of ten. She was barely twenty feet tall. But because she was so short her mother loved her very much and hated to have her out of her sight.

This little giantess lived in the woods in New Jersey, and she drank so much water and milk that they called her "Thirsty Anna." Why, she drank a hogshead of milk before breakfast and she drank a tankful of water with each meal, although the family physician said it was bad and would tend to make her fat. And it did tend to make her fat as hard as it could. She was so fat that she could not run and jump and climb trees like most giantesses, and when she walked she shook the ground so hard that her mother could not write. Her mother wrote for papers with a giant circulation.

One day in summer the water ran very low in the woods in New Jersey and the cows stopped giving milk and Anna grew more and more thirsty.

So she wandered far from home and mother until she came to the fresh and lovely Hudson River, running past New York as hard as it could. The water looked cool and drinkable to "Thirsty Anna," so she went to the river's bank and laid herself down on her dear little stomach and began to drink.

Now the more she drank the more she wanted, and, of course, the more she drank just so much more low the river became. Big steamers began to stub their keels on the river bed and ferry-boats stuck in the mud and the passengers waved their hands frantically to Anna as a sign that she should stop drinking.

But the dear little girl did not stop drinking until there was not a drop of water in the river, and all the vessels toppled over on their sides and the people walked around in the mud and filled their pockets with fish and other curious things that had come into the river at different times.

It was not long before Anna's mother missed her, and she followed her little footprints, all of them four feet long—her "four-foot prints," her mother called them, and at last she came on little Anna, thirsty no longer.

When Anna's mother saw the trouble her little child had made she said: "Anna, you are a naughty girl! How do you suppose the steamers can steam, and the sloops sloop, and the ferry-boats ferry, and the tugs tug, and the ships ship, and the barks bark without any water?"

Then little Anna looked at her mama and hung her head and said: "I don't know."

And with that she began to cry. Such tears you never saw, my dears, as little Anna shed.

"Cry into the river bed!" said her giant mother quickly, and little Anna stood there and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried and cried until the bed of the stream began to fill with water again.

Now, as you all know, the Hudson River is a fresh-water river and the water that Anna had drank was fresh water, but the tears she cried were salt, salt tears, each drop as large as a pipin and the drops making a liquid chain from her large round eyes to the river's bed. So when the Hudson filled up again the water was salt.

And as it runs by New York it is salt to this day. If you do not believe me ask your kind and truthful parents and they will tell you it is so.

And the ferry-boats began to ferry, which made the people merry, very, and the ocean steamers got up steam and floated off as in a dream, and the little tugs began to tug, which made their engines go "kerchug," and the little barks began to bark and drifted off before 'twas dark, and the rowboats all began to row, and the ships all shipped a large cargo.

And then Anna stopped crying and went back to the woods, and she hasn't cried since.

And that, my dears, was in 1733.



She shook the ground so that her mother could not write



"Cry into the river bed!" said her giant mother quickly

The White Birds of Sandakkan

The Story of a Man
Who Found
Himself

By DAVID GRAY

THE Admiral explained the plan, sitting in his easy-chair by the cabin gun port. The warm breeze swept in, the open port framed a view of the inner harbor with the old walled city of Manila in the background, and Bellew listened. At last the Admiral paused. "Have I made it clear?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bellew.

The Admiral was silent for a moment, thinking. Then he went on: "You can take Russell as first officer, French as second, and pick your own crew."

Bellew made no reply, but his face spoke.

"What's the matter?" asked the Admiral.

"Well, sir," said Bellew bluntly, "why French?"

"That's my affair, Mr. Bellew," said the Admiral.

"Very good, sir," said Bellew. There was an awkward pause, then the Admiral half rose. "Orderly," he called, "tell Mr. French I wish to see him."

"Do you want anything more of me?" the lieutenant asked.

"No," said the Admiral.

Presently French came. He was twenty-two, but he seemed less, for he was short and slender, with a boy's immaturity of figure, with a boy's delicacy of feature and complexion, and in his brown eyes there was the wistful, undisciplined eagerness of inexperience.

"Mr. French," said the Admiral, "you are going as second officer of an expedition to be commanded by Lieutenant Bellew."

French's face flushed and lighted. "Thank you, sir," he said.

"It's a chance for you," said the Admiral. He leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar. "French," he began again, "you don't seem to be hitting it off? What's the matter?"

French made no reply. Something caught in his throat and bound his voice. How could he answer? How speak of what hurt so deep down? And how could he explain when he did not himself understand. "I don't know, sir," he said at last.

"No more do I," said the Admiral; "but from what I hear, French, aren't you too?" The Admiral hesitated, the word on his tongue he did not want to use. Then he began again in another way: "Don't you spend too much time reading poetry and that sort of thing? You know, my boy, you must learn to mix with men. You're in a service. You must learn to make men like you and respect you." He had tried to slip in the last two words without emphasis. But they were the point to which he had been leading.

The boy colored. "They have it in for me," he said; "I know it. It's because I nearly drowned Russell when he jumped in after me. But I couldn't help it, sir; I lost my head."

"But you must help it," said the Admiral; "you mustn't lose your head!"

"How can you help what you can't help?" cried the boy, passionately. He straightened up like a child defiant and white with emotion.

The Admiral fixed his gray, hawklike eyes upon him and pondered. His own life flashed before him in review. At eleven he had begun to fight his own weaknesses. He had been fighting ever since. There was no chapter like this in his experience. "If you can't understand," he said at last, "I can't make you."

"Well, I can't," said the boy desperately; "how can one help being afraid?"

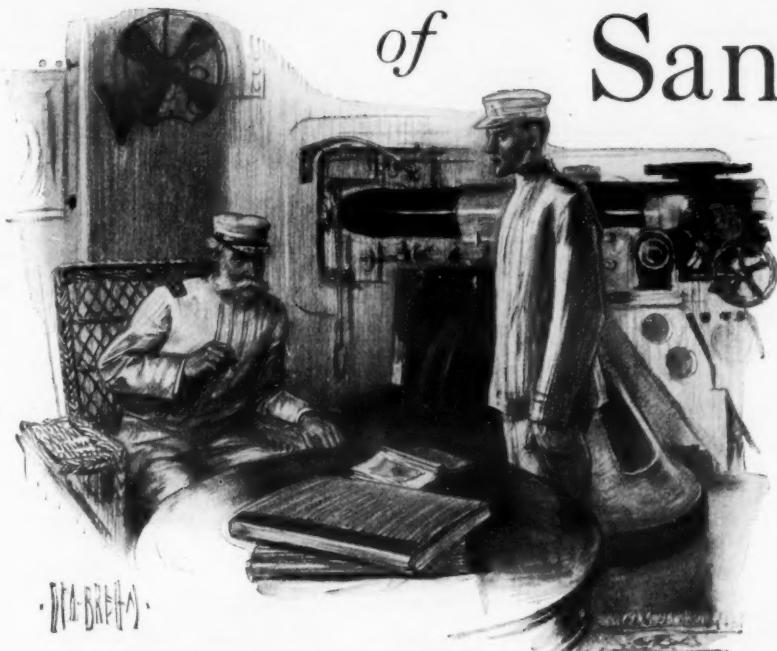
"French," said the Admiral, "why do you stay in the navy? You don't really like it?" Then he checked himself as if he would have withdrawn the question, for the boy's face blanched, then turned scarlet, then white again. He trembled, his mouth worked pitifully. He was unable to speak.

"That's all," said the Admiral quickly. French saluted and left the cabin.

The Admiral thought for a while, then he began a letter to French's father, who was his friend, a retired officer and a gallant man. He worded it with labored circumlocutions, but its meaning was clear. At last he stopped, yielding to the impulse to put off unpleasant things. He tore the page up doubtfully. He slept on it, and his orders stood, and French went as second in command.

II

THE secret-service men in Hongkong had discovered that the contraband arms were to be put aboard the *Bedford Crescent* at Sandakkan. It was an easy thing to run up from the North Borneo coast, west of the Tawi Tawi's, through the unpatrolled China Sea, and then to slip across by night to Samar, where Lukban's men would be waiting for them, and that was the plan which those most Christian Brit-



"But you must help it,—you mustn't lose your head!"

ish merchants, Browning, Fraser & King, had been following in their sale of arms to the insurgents, no one knows how many successful times. But while the *Bedford Crescent* was making a cargo, ostensibly of dye-woods, a desolate, sea-weary tramp came in for coal, the *Annie May* of Philadelphia. There was nothing, even to the trained and suspicious eyes of Pope, the *Bedford Crescent's* master, to suggest that she was anything but what she seemed, least of all that she was under charter to the United States navy. The paint had sealed and blistered from her plates. Along her rust-stained water line trailed the green sea mosses. How could Pope know that, lower down, her sides and bottom were clean, that she was just out of dock? How could he know that Israel Sparks, appareled in South Boston shops, was Bellew, the dandy of the *Oklahoma*, or that the mate Bogart was the ensign known through the China squadron as "Peach" Russell? Pope met Sparks and Bogart in the hotel bar and drank with them. On the second meeting Bogart had a slim, delicate youth with him.

Pope eyed him over his liquor. "Cabin boy?" he asked.

"Mr. Quail, our second officer," said Bogart, stiffly.

The *Annie May* coaled the second day. On the night of the third, about ten, Bogart, that is, Russell, came aboard and went hurriedly below. Bellew was at the messroom table playing solitaire under the lamp. He looked up, still thoughtfully placing the cards.

"Well?" he asked.

"I've got it," said Russell. He drew a scrap of paper from his jacket pocket. "It came while we were in the bar, and Pope laid it down open. It's cipher."

Bellew glanced at the copy of the cable, rose, went to the safe, and came back with the private code of Browning, Fraser & King. Spelled out with the key, the message read: "Proceed according to instructions to appointed place on the twenty-second."

"To-morrow is the twenty-second," said Russell.

"Peach," said Bellew softly, "I guess we've got 'em." He put the jack of diamonds on the queen of clubs and searched for a black ten. "It's all over but the benediction," he went on as he played, "but they may sail early. You'd better go ashore and get our papers. We've done a good job."

Russell nodded and went out.

Fifteen minutes passed. Bellew was looking now for a red three. He turned it and laughed. The cards had been coming marvelously. He was about to win. And then French came in.

"There's another man been taken sick," said the boy.

"Like the others?" asked Bellew.

"Yes, sir."

"Who is it?"

"Walters, one of the firemen."

"He was ashore, too, wasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"I hope he's good and sick," said Bellew. "Some day I must find out what these men get drunk on."

"The *Brooklyn* lost a man at Iloilo from bino," French ventured.

"It's probably some such stuff—" Bellew stopped short, raised his head and listened. He heard the sound of heavy feet running along the deck overhead and coming aft. He rose. They both listened again, then hurried to the deck. The night was thick, but through the darkness they made out two dim figures, that had stopped by the rail and were peering seaward.

"What's this row about?" demanded Bellew.

The men started and turned. "Something passed aft, sir," said one.

"That's you, Jansen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what passed aft?" Bellew asked sharply.

The Swede dropped his voice. "Something white," he answered.

"White?" repeated Bellew.

The man made no reply. The silence lengthened ominously. The four men, masked in the darkness, were guarding each his own thoughts. Finally Bellew broke out: "I won't have any more of this. Go forward and stop running over my decks!"

The Swede mumbled something, and both went slowly toward the bow. There was another silence, and then French spoke with a tremor in his voice: "What did he mean, sir?"

"I don't know," replied Bellew. "I suppose some Swede superstition about the white birds?"

"Did he mean they've been flying over?"

"I tell you I don't know what he meant," said Bellew, impatiently, and he went around the deck-house and disappeared.

Left alone, French stood in the darkness, those dull, clattering footsteps echoing in his memory, the strange conversation of the sailors, the silence, the fear in the Swede's voice. Things that he had heard about the white birds

came back to him and repeated themselves in his mind.

It was sultry and hot, but the fever smells from the swamps at the river mouth seemed to chill. The ship's voices were hushed. It was very still, only the dreary beat of the fine rain on the awnings, the abrupt, mysterious ripples of the water against the side as the ebb went out. French began to feel the old, nameless fear of the dark stealing upon him, the fear that made him shrink from the rail at night with the sense of murderous hands at his back ready to thrust him over before he could turn or cry out. He began again the battle with it, pacing the middle of the deck, forcing himself toward the rail, coming nearer at each turn till he shrank back again in panic. But at last he was winning. Pride had come to help. He would force himself to look over. Suddenly he stopped and stood breathless, listening. Out of the darkness, very faint, came a swift, far-off sound, the beat of distant hurrying wings! It came nearer, growing steadily, still swifter and more distinct, till it was close on, and then with a rush over and away again. He sprang unthinkingly to the rail and, leaning out, searched the black air, but saw nothing. The thing had gone, the strange sound trailing out fainter and farther away till it ceased and the stillness healed again. He listened breathlessly, but heard only the monotone of the fine rain and the clipped murmurings of the tide against the ship. Suddenly he became conscious of his heart throbbing dully in his ears. He turned back from the side and saw Jansen, the Swede, standing in the glimmer of the companionway watching him. The man disappeared into the dark, and he was alone again, his throat dry, his breath coming fast, pacing the middle of the deck.

III

AS FIVE bells struck for half-past ten, Bellew appeared along the port rail coming from the waist, his eyes turned toward the *Bedford Crescent* that lay beyond them in the stream.

Following Bellew's gaze, French studied her with the glass, and presently he made out dim sparks adrift on the dark. He was about to speak when there came the distant muffled grinding of a donkey engine taking in cable.

"They are going to sea," said Bellew shortly; "we must stand by—" He broke off and looked forward, for he heard men approaching. Presently Conners's voice came out of the darkness.

"Can we speak with you, sir?" asked Conners. With him were Jansen and another seaman. These two stood back in the shadow, but the glow from the companionway fell upon the boatswain. "Captain Bellew—" he began.

"Captain Sparks is master of this ship," interrupted Bellew.

"Captain Sparks," said Conners, "there has been some things goin' on aboard this ship—" He paused, uneasily.

"Well?" said Bellew.

"Some things the men has noticed," he went on, "and by the regulations—" He hesitated, and Bellew looked at him impatiently.

"Stop lawyering," he snapped. "Tell me what's the matter?"

"Well, the white birds has been flying," said the boatswain, "that's part—"

"Aye an' lightin'," said the Swede, in his curious high-pitched voice.

"Conners," said Bellew, "you can tell me about this to-morrow. I'm in a hurry now. Stand by to get up your anchor. We're going to sea."

The boatswain came closer and dropped his voice. "Captain Sparks," said he, solemnly, "we can't go to sea to-night. The men won't have it. It's against the law of God and man!"

Bellew looked at him without speaking, and the man met his look, his great mouth shut hard, and terror blazing in his eyes.

"And why not?" asked Bellew.

Conners turned to the two sailors. "Go for'ard, men." He waited till they had gone, then faced Bellew again. "Captain Bellew," he began, hoarsely.

"I tell you, Sparks," said Bellew.

"I tell you it don't matter!" cried the boatswain. "Hell has broke loose in this ship! Four men is taken already, and God Almighty knows when it will be forty!"

"Conners," said Bellew slowly, "are you drunk?"

"I'm sober," said the boatswain.

"Then I'm ashamed for you," sneered Bellew. "You're afraid, and afraid of white birds."

"I'm afraid of no birds, black nor white," retorted the boatswain, "but of what brings 'em!"

"What brings them?" demanded Bellew.

"What brings 'em?" repeated Conners. "What made the Chinese cook keel over at supper? What is the matter with Walters, the fireman? What is the matter with Fisher and Rose? We want the port doctor, Captain Bellew! I come to the mast as my right and petition!"

"You'll have him when we make the next port," said Bellew.

"That'll not do," said Conners. "We've waited too long a ready!"

"You'll wait till hell freezes over if I say so!" said Bellew softly; "and have a care, Conners, or you'll wait in irons! Now hark you! I'm going to sea. If there's beach fever forward, I'll dose it, and that's an end of the matter!"

"No, it ain't the end!" cried the boatswain. "Before ever you went to sea I seen men die of it, and I know the look on their faces. And it's on Walters and it's on Fisher, and before midnight it'll be on Rose and the Chinese!"

"What are you driving at?" snapped Bellew.

The boatswain took a step toward him, bent forward, thrusting his huge face close to Bellew's, his eyes burning, his voice dropped to a hoarse murmur: "*Cholera!*" he whispered. "That's what!"

For a moment Bellew was speechless. Then he broke out: "That's a lie. There's no cholera in this ship! By God! Conners, do you think you can frighten me? How could cholera get into this ship?" He stopped as suddenly, as violently as he had begun, as if a blow had staggered him, and took an uncertain step back from the glow of the companionway. "How could cholera get into this ship?" he repeated. In the repetition his tone had changed from a strong man's anger to a weak, appealing peevishness. "I have something to attend to," he went on, irrelevantly. "I'll be back. French, report when the *Bedford Crescent* is under way." Before he had finished the last words he turned and started toward his cabin. He walked a few steps, stopped abruptly like a drunken man, then went on again till he disappeared in the darkness.

The boatswain still stood in the wan light, his strange, large-featured face pale and drawn, looking after Bellew with a sinister wonder in his eyes.

As for French, he stood with dimmed senses, unable to speak. One thought filled and stupefied his mind. *They were in a cholera ship!*

After a time, as if reviving from the stunning of a physical shock, French's mind began to function again, to reason, to grasp at the one straw of hope. "How can you be sure?" he demanded of the boatswain.

"Haven't I seen it?" answered Conners.

"But you might be mistaken," he insisted.

"Doesn't the captain know?"

"The white birds know," was the answer.

"How can birds know?"

"How do they know the weather?"

"But the weather is different."

"Wait and see," said the boatswain. "There was seven in all that lit—Jansen counted 'em, five for'ard and two aft." He looked meaningfully at French—"two aft."

There was a long silence. The hope had proved only a straw after all.

"Conners," he whispered, huskily, "does a man ever know when a bird has come for him?" "Sometimes," said the boatswain, somberly; "sometimes they say at night he hears the sound of wings crossing overhead."

French went slowly to the bridge, not knowing how he went, his brain numb and dazed.

The harbor and the night undoubtedly were the same, yet not to him. He saw them as if he belonged to another world, as if through the veil through which the spirits peer. The donkey engine still was rumbling steadily. But he heard it as one listening to a noise in a dream. Suddenly a thing occurred that shook him out of that far-away state in which he seemed to be existing. The *Bedford Crescent's* lights were changing position. He took a sight on an awning stanchion and made sure of it. She was going astern. Her anchor was off bottom and the tide was carrying her down. Presently the donkey engine stopped, and he made out the muffled thrashing of a screw. He hurried down to the deck, glad to be able to go to Bellew. In his great strength and resourcefulness he still felt a hope, against reason perhaps, that the alarm would prove unfounded, something that they soon would talk and laugh about.

He knocked at the cabin door, and at the same instant went in. He saw Bellew in profile sitting at his desk, the cards spread out before him.

"They're under way, sir," said French.

Bellew turned his head. There was a dull, uncomprehending look in his eyes. His mouth was drawn, his face white and unnatural.

"They're under way," French repeated.

"Yes," said Bellew in a whisper. "Get your anchor up! I'm in the middle of a game. I want to finish. I'm beating it!" He tried to laugh, and made a grimace.

His hand stretched out, fumbled, and lifted a card. "Go on, French," he said, "as soon as I finish—" He stopped, the card slipped from his fingers, his hand fell heavily. "I've got a bad turn," he gasped. His eyes pointed to the hypodermic syringe on the desk. "A big one, French; don't let me make a noise! Quick, for God's sake! It's tearing me in two." And he fell forward on the desk-top.

At last Bellew was in his bunk, breathing heavily, in the stupor of opium. French straightened himself, filled his lungs with air, and stood in the dim-lit cabin conscious of a strange elation. His fear had gone. As he had lifted Bellew in his arms, as he had touched the stricken man's flesh, it had died, swallowed up in the horror and revulsion of that moment. After that, he had done the things that had to be done, swiftly, impassively, unhesitatingly, as one does the usual and commonplace, and now he was wondering at it all. He began to hear the soft fall of the rain overhead, the complaining, thin undertone of the lamp, the incessant ticking of Bellew's watch on the desk, and he realized that the moments were passing. He saw no course clearly, but he knew that any course called for action. He stepped softly out upon the deck and closed the door.

At first the darkness blinded him, then the lights of the town met his eyes and greeted him with a strange effect. All that which he had just now accepted and ceased to feel, the terror and isolation of the plague ship, the panic to escape it waked again. And it was escape that the town glimmering on the hillside offered. In twenty minutes he could have the port doctor aboard and he would be free. At least he would have his chance. But the port doctor meant quarantine, the discovery of the twenty men not in the ship's papers, the discovery of the guns (government guns) under the copra in the hold, the exposure and disgrace of the expedition. Could he let that happen?



The boatswain took a step forward. "*Cholera!*" he whispered

He glanced astern and saw the lights of the *Bedford Crescent* creeping down the bay. He looked back at the town. The hotel was bright with lights. In his mind's eye he saw the bar thronged with seafaring men. In his mind's ear he heard the laughter, the singing, and the life.

The sound of oars came from the darkness below. It was Russell coming back. As the meaning of it flashed on French, a selfish exultation swept him. He was no longer alone. Russell, too, was in that night and death-haunted ship. On Russell were the responsibilities. And if the sailors were right, if the white birds that lit aft were signs, then Russell divided the chance with him.

From the black water below came Russell's hail. French's heart stopped. That hail, the tones of the voice—it was as if he heard a ghost, the ghost of a dead self. He put his hand on the rail for support, for in a flash of memory he was in the warm noonday sea in Subig Bay again, gagging, struggling, while the white side of the battleship slipped inexorably by; again he was weakening, sinking when that same voice roused him. And as then, frantic for life he had clutched and climbed upon the man who was saving him, so now the same shameless instinct passion to live, was mastering him, and again Russell was its victim. His hands dropped to his sides. He was cold with shame.

The voice called again.

French stood by the rail, dumb.

In a moment Russell was mounting the side. He glanced up. "French," he called, "does Bellew know they're under way?"

In a moment his struggle was over, and words were given him.

"Mr. Russell," he said in a voice that was strange to his own ears, "you are to go back and cable the Admiral that we sail to-night. You are to leave the papers and go back. It is Bellew's orders."

The consequences of his act, his right to force others to share them, weighed nothing. His impulse to atone to Russell swept him on.

Russell muttered an impatient curse, turned and went down the side again, calling angrily for the sampan.

French looked after him, and a curious smile parted his lips. A few moments later he walked forward. His resolution was taken now. He was more than calm. A sense of power, of deep, joyful adequacy filled him. In some way he would override the boatswain's fears and take the ship to sea, but he knew not how. He reached the foot of the bridge, still thinking, when a man's half-muffled scream pierced the night. It came again from somewhere under decks, agonized and shrill. He sprang forward toward the fo'castle hatch and ran into Conners.

"Quick!" he cried, "somebody's knifed."

Conners, slowly shaking his head, barred the hatchway and made no offer to give passage.

"It's no knife," he said. "It's a new one."

"A new one?" repeated French.

"Aye," said Conners, "it's when the cramps come."

French hesitated a moment. His breath was coming short and quick, but he had himself in hand. "Then that's the five," he said, "and it's over. It's the end of the thing."

Conners was silent.

"That's the five," French repeated, "and the rest of you have no more to fear."

"But there was two aft," said Conners in a low voice. "Remember that!"

French looked the boatswain in the face with a look that never before had been in his eyes. "You have your own affairs to mind," he said. "Get the anchor up!"

Conners hesitated. "Has Mr. Russell come off?" he asked.

French faced him a second time and smiled! "Lively, boatswain," he said, "all hands! The ship that we're to follow has gone to sea."

Conners turned without a word to the fo'castle hatch and called his men.

From the bridge French gave the order: "Heave away!" and the steam winch began to rumble. He shivered from head to foot, his lip trembled. What he had longed for beyond life or heaven or love, what had seemed of all things the least possible for him, had come to pass. He was in command of a ship. In the darkness at the bridge end he burst into tears.

IV

THE night had cleared with a breeze out of the northeast. Toward four o'clock the blue darkness began to fade, the stars changed color, the ghostly false dawn spread high over the east. Slowly the air grew gray. Then the somber banks above the sunrise kindled into bands of pink against a sky of green and lemon. The sun came burning up, the horizon cleared blue, and across the north stretched a thin, brown streak of smoke.

Somewhere beyond the sea's rim, at the end of that trailing smoke, the *Bedford Crescent* was pressing northward, while the *Annie May* lay adrift in the wash of the swell, in the loneliness of the empty sea, in the desolate silence of disabled ships.

It was eight o'clock when French came from the engine-room. His face was haggard and daubed with machinery smut. His eyes were sunken and unnaturally bright. A blue revolver barrel peeped from his jacket pocket. He swept the horizon hurriedly, then ran to the pilot-house. He jerked the engine-room bell and a slow throbbing pulsed through the ship. The steersman crowded the wheel over, the *Annie May* gathered steerage, began to swing and forge ahead. Then the jingle shook shrilly in the engine-room. The pulsations of the screw quickened, and French stepped out upon the bridge, his eyes fixed upon the north.

Presently Conners came up the stair. "Mr. French," he said, "the chief is afraid to fire with the copra. He says the packing may blow again."

"My orders are to use the copra," said French. "When that's gone, let him wet his coal with kerosene."

"But they've twenty miles on us," said the boatswain; "it's too late."

"Did you hear me?" said the boy.

"But what about the sick?" cried Conners, fiercely. "Is Rose to die, begging for the priest? Put into port, Captain French."

French turned slowly on him, his blackened mouth half open, a wild light in his sleep-hungry eyes, and all the time his hand moved wearily toward the jacket pocket.

The boatswain started and backed away. And they steamed on.

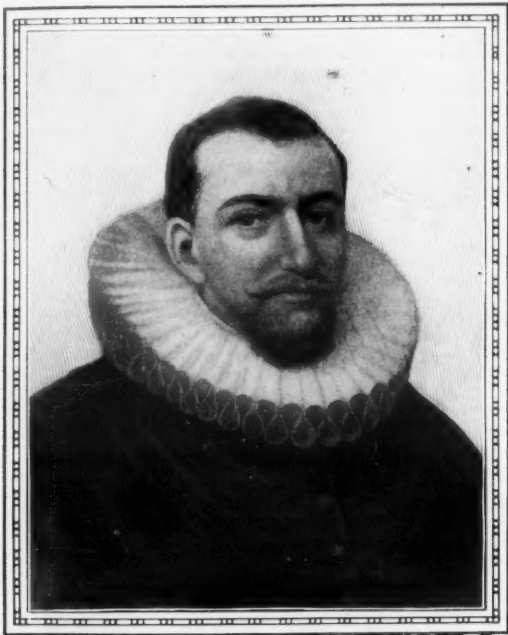
The tropical morning broadened into tropical noon. A thin mist of pearl hung over the hot sea, and through it the bar reefs burned opal, edged with foam-white lines of surf. Facing the glare with unshaded eyes hour after hour, French watched the smoke band on the horizon. If he left the bridge it was to make short visits to the fire-room, encouraging the scorched and dripping stokers, urging always more speed. The black smoke poured up from the funnel in vast continuous volume, the bulkheads trembled, the steel boom of the winch caught the rhythm of the vibration and shook fiercely at its lashings. And then it all seemed of avail, for he knew that he was gaining.

(Continued on page 26)

In Honor of Hudson and Fulton

The Cities and Towns of the Hudson River Valley Will Celebrate for Two Weeks

By WILLIAM SAGE



Henry Hudson

And His Ship, the "Halve Maene"

IT IS to be hoped that after the 12th of September, 1909, which is the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River, there will not be one person in this English-speaking land who will call the discoverer *Hendrik* Hudson.

He was an Englishman named Henry, and even in the Dutch copy of the contract with the Dutch East India Company, which he signed before sailing on his famous voyage, his name is written Henry.

We can blame the distinguished writer, Washington Irving, and the play of "Rip Van Winkle," in which Joseph Jefferson delighted several generations, for some of the persistence in turning into a Dutchman this adventurous English sea captain, who had already made two voyages in the service of an English company before he entered the employ of the Dutch East India Company, and contracted to attempt to find a northeast passage to India.

The company fitted him out with a ship of eighty tons burden—a much smaller craft than many of the millionaires' yachts which to-day steam up and down the beautiful river—and a mixed crew of Dutch and English, numbering in all less than a score. He took the little *Halve Maene*, or *Half Moon*, and her slender equipment eagerly. If she had been so small as only to merit the name of *Quarter Moon*, he would doubtless have grasped at the chance greedily, for the blood of the explorer ran in his veins. He was not influenced by avarice to make the expedition. If any think he may have been, let them read the contract Hudson made with the East India Company. Besides providing him with a ship and a crew, which, as was usual on such adventurous expeditions, contained several "bad lots," the company gave him \$320 for his "outfit," and agreed to pay his wife \$80 for the support of herself and children in case her husband never came back. Furthermore, the contract states: "Should he find the

THE Hudson-Fulton Celebration at New York, and along the Hudson River, from September 25 to October 9, will commemorate Henry Hudson's discovery of the river in 1609, and Robert Fulton's successful introduction of steam into navigation in 1807. The whole history of Manhattan Island, and the Hudson Valley, involving as well the annals of America, will be unfolded in a series of land and naval pageants. The centennial observation of Fulton's success, in 1907, was postponed for two years, in order to combine it with the more comprehensive Hudson Tercentenary. The replicas of the "Halve Maene," the sixty-three foot vessel in which Hudson crossed the Atlantic, and the "Clermont," Fulton's first effective steamboat, will be given the posts of honor in the parade of nearly a hundred steel warships, accompanied by every type of modern craft. This celebration will prove the most important observance in the record of the United States, with the exception of the Chicago Exposition in 1893, inasmuch as it reviews the entire period of European settlement within the national boundaries. The first week of the program will be carried out at New York City; the second week at the principal points along the Hudson River. Saturday, September 25, will be given over to the naval display—the rendezvous of American and foreign vessels at New York; the parade abreast of the city, and the illumination of the fleet at night. On Monday, September 27, will occur the official reception to guests, the beginning of the airship flights, and the opening of the various exhibitions. A historical procession and pageant, with floats and tableaux of every period of the city's progress, will be the event of Tuesday, September 28; while aquatic sports, the dedication of memorials, and commemorative exercises in the schools will occupy Wednesday, September 29. Thursday, September 30, will provide a military parade in Manhattan Borough, composed of troops of the United States Army and sailors from the fleet, with militia and veteran organizations. The fleet will maneuver in Newburg Bay on Friday, October 1, one division descending from Albany and the other going up from New York. The Manhattan historical pageant will be repeated on this day in Brooklyn. Children's festivals, with an audience of 500,000 school students, will be a feature of Saturday, October 2. At night on this date will be held a carnival parade in Manhattan, made up of illuminated floats. On Saturday, October 9, this event will be given again in Brooklyn. The Upper Hudson week will begin at Poughkeepsie and Yonkers on Monday, October 4, will pass along to observances at Kingston, Hastings, Dobbs Ferry, Irvington, and Tarrytown on Tuesday; Wednesday, to Catskill and Nyack; Thursday, to Hudson, Ossining, Haverstraw; Albany and Peekskill on Friday, and Troy and Cold Spring on Saturday, October 9. Cohoes will continue the ceremony on Monday, October 11

passage (i. e., to India) good and suitable for the company's use, the directors agree to reward said Hudson for his dangers, troubles, and knowledge, at their discretion; with which the before-mentioned Hudson is content."

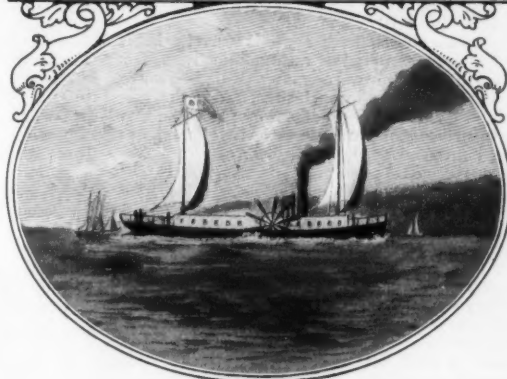
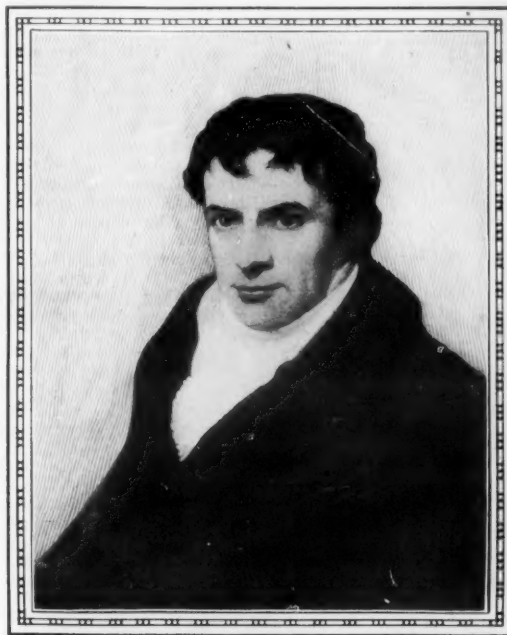
Hudson set out from Amsterdam on April 4, 1609, and sailed through the North Sea and along the coast of Norway until he reached the vicinity of Nova Zembla. His crew, which seems to have always been ripe for mutiny, refused to go any farther in this direction, and the explorer was obliged to change his plans. He had been told by the directors that if he failed to discover a northeast passage he was to return, but Hudson was the kind of man to disobey any such injunction while work remained to be done, and, instead of going back, he turned the prow of the *Half Moon* toward the setting sun. It was his intention to go through Davis Straits, and, to use his own words, "to sail, if necessary, across the Pole in order to get to Asia by the shortest route." He reached Newfoundland in July, and started northward, but he was obliged to turn southward. Constantly on the lookout for an opening to the west, he ran in to what is now named Delaware Bay, and as soon as he discovered its nature he came out and continued up the coast until he sighted the Jersey shore.

We are indebted for the very minute details of this voyage to the journal kept by Robert Juet. On the following and the last voyage that Hudson made, this Juet turned out to be a mutinous, murderous rascal, but he was an able mariner and an intelligent man, and his account is well written and very graphic. On September 3, 1609, the *Half Moon* sailed in past Sandy Hook and dropped anchor in the bay.

Effect on the Indians

THE Indian settlements immediately became alive with excitement at the sight of the "enormous canoe" which had arrived as if from the clouds, and the natives put out in their small canoes in a friendly manner, bringing gifts of corn, tobacco, and oysters to propitiate the powerful stranger.

The explorers were much impressed with the heights of Navesink and Staten Island, and they thought they saw "three great rivers emptying into the bay." One of these must have been the Raritan, another proved to be the Narrows, and no one has ever been able to locate the third. It may have been the Arthur Kill, or Rockaway Inlet, or possibly some channel which has since entirely disappeared. Hudson sent a small boat with five men through the Narrows. They rowed around the northern end of Staten Island into the Kill von Kull and Newark Bay. They describe the Upper Bay as a "noble harbor," and the surrounding land "as pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees as they had ever seen—and very sweet smells came from them." Somewhere in this vicinity they had trouble with the Indians. We have no account but that of Juet of this first collision of the races, and he does not give the cause of it, but, from the subsequent treatment of the natives by Hudson's men, it is fair to presume that the latter did not seek to avoid a quarrel. During the mêlée, John Coleman, an English sailor, was shot in the throat with an arrow and instantly killed. The others had great difficulty in saving



Robert Fulton

And His Steamboat, the "Clermont"

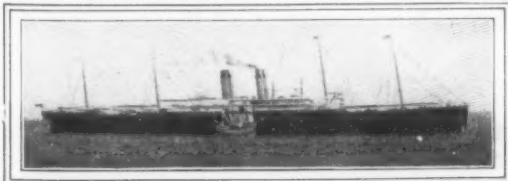
ON THE 2d of September, 1807, a crowd of persons were assembled on a dock at New York on the Hudson River watching the preparations of a man of genius to make a journey to Albany in an odd-looking craft. The genius was Robert Fulton and the strange craft was the *Clermont*.

Probably not a score of persons in the crowd believed that the boat would be able to make the journey, and as ignorance rarely hesitates to express itself with volubility, the crowd ridiculed the boat and jeered at the inventor. During all this criticism his face maintained its serenity. Only infinite patience and the power of superhuman endurance can make a great invention successful, and Robert Fulton had learned these lessons many years before. Nevertheless, his heart must have beat much more rapidly than the pulsations of the engine of his wonderful creation as he stood on the deck of the *Clermont* and saw the dock begin to recede. The crowd stood agape, and then gave a mighty cheer, throwing up their caps, which the mob does so readily at the first glimpse of success.

Many great and stirring events happened during the Administration of Thomas Jefferson—war with Algerian pirates, treaties with foreign powers, the purchase of the great Louisiana Territory and its exploration—but in its effect upon the history of the world the trip of the *Clermont* was the greatest of them all. The turning of its wheels meant the revolution of navigation; with a puff of steam the navies of the world became obsolete.

They burned pine wood in those days, and at night volumes of flame and bright sparks came pouring out of the vessel's funnel. As the people up State had not been notified of her coming—many of them did not know that such a monster existed—they literally thought that the devil was loose. The crews of vessels on the river also

(Continued on page 32)



The "Halve Maene," 1609, and the "Celtic," 1909

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The "Clermont," 1807, and the "Lusitania," 1909

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(Continued on page 28)

The Bird-Men

The Inhuman Specters with Wings and Blades, Which Race in Wind and Cloud, and the Peter Pans of Aviation Which Never Do Go up

By VANCE THOMPSON



A RAINBOW spanned the field of Bétheny. The wind fell suddenly. Three aeroplanes whirled out across the sky—Latham's great dragon-fly sailing high, Blériot crouching under the wings of his 22, Curtiss in his golden biplane. From the stubble-field a flock of black crows rose angrily. They flew straight at the invaders. Then, fear-stricken, they fled away over the wide plain, in hoarse defeat. The ways of the air were no longer theirs. The inviolable had been violated by their eternal enemy, man.

And this was the symbol of the week of Bétheny. As the crows went squattering away for safety, a hundred thousand folk set up a cheer of victory—a cheer that died in roars of triumphant laughter. They knew, as the terrified crows knew, that man's conquest of the air was definite

if not complete. A mere sport, you say, the greatest of sports, but still a sport?

It was not so long ago—it was in May, 1903—that I rode in that wild automobile race from Paris to Madrid. There were many killed—twelve, I believe. And writing of those victims under the wheels of progress, I said: "The greatest sport of the day—and what is to bring about an economic revolution in the future—can not be stopped for the cries of victims." That was only six years ago; one could still think of automobiling in terms of sport with a faint prophecy of industrial advantages, hanging dimly in the future. How long before air-going will cease to be a mere exhibition to stare at, think you?

Flight at fifty miles an hour; continuous flight, unbroken, for nearly three hours; flights with two passengers at a speed of thirty miles an hour—those things we saw at the world's first aeroplane meet. Do you think we shall have to wait six years before the aeroplane plays a social rôle, as stable and common as does the motor-car, its earthlier brother?

Not six years; not five; nor four—

The Place of Flights

PERHAPS there is no such plain in all Europe as that of Bétheny, on which was laid out the six-mile circuit for the flight of the aeroplanes. Immense, with only faint undulations, it stretches away toward Reims—Reims lies yonder in a fold of the plain at the foot of its gloomy cathedral—toward Bétheny, toward Witry-les-Reims. And it is a field covered with rain-beaten oats or stubble, with here and there cocks of hay or shocks of harvested grain. Lofty wooden pillars mark the turn of the course. Two hundred yards in front of the grand-stand the judges and timekeepers have a box; beside it a lean signal-post, which tells the wind speed and gives the numbers of the airing machines. To the right of the grand-stand is Aeropolis. This is a city of wooden sheds and tents, where dwell the air-men, guarding day and night their flyers. Round the great plain 1,600 infantrymen are posted; 400 dragoons and mounted police ride to and fro to danger-points. Nothing could be better—if only the sun shines.

The day before the meet was Saturday. The trains from Paris brought 50,000 people. And the rain fell. The stony streets of Reims were roaring gutters. The roads to Bétheny were ankle-deep with gluey clay, through which no high-powered car could make its way. Overhead a black, wind-swept sky in which neither bird of God nor bird of man could fly. This storm might have been nature's protest against man's ambition—something akin to what happened when Babel was in the building. All night the torrential rain fell and hammered at the windows of the dingy bedrooms—price only \$10 a night and skirmish for your food.



Hubert Latham

"You will find him behind the grand stand in a booth of flowers. On a folded chair, he sits hour after hour, smelling a rose and smiling. A blithe little man, round-shouldered as all birds are, his face scarred from that deathly fall in the Channel!"

Sunday the black flag was flying over Reims, signaling that no attempts were being made to fly yonder on the plain; but at eight in the morning the crowd was pushing toward Bétheny—by train, by road, afoot, awheel.

Girls, high-kilted, mothers with babies, peasant folk innumerable took the edge of the road and plodded on the five miles to the one-franc field—an endless procession, past which the muddy motor-cars crept slowly through the mud. The grand-stand empty.

Show your badge and come down the line of the sheds, where, housed and dumb, the great birds of metal and of canvas lie. The flying-men stand in doorways, conning the sky of wind and cloud.

He is a type—the bird-man.

The Black Eagle—Blériot

HE IS dreamy and taciturn, he is alert and chattering, but invariably he has the look of a winged brother. Here is Blériot, limping as though foot-going pleased him not. He wears a close-fitting cap, covering ears and forehead and neck; all you see are the sulky black eyes, the curved beak of him. An eagle man. A silent thing with potentialities of sharp outcry and desperate flight. An oil-stained, dark-covered overall suit sheds the water that drips on him as feathers would. A black eagle, this Blériot. All in dirty gray, alert, provocative as a goshawk, comes a little man and cocks his head up at the weather—this is Leblanc, who flies, too, in the Blériot machine, crouching under the wings. Something of his audacity of look, though a more athletic type, is Lefebvre, who, unaided, taught himself the art of flying a Wright biplane. Little Paulhan, chirky and insolent as a sparrow; but here is Farman—bearded, lean, cross-tempered as a falcon, beaked like a parrot, with the curious birdlike deflection of the head, as though used to picking up seeds—which is characteristic of the type. Glenn Curtiss has opened the doors of his shed. He leans on a stick. His head is outthrust. Tall and thin, he has a look of utter ennui as he studies the muddy



"It's Curtiss!"—Watching the flight of the American

plain. Then, with a slow Yankee smile, he says: "It's too muddy to fly."

Nevertheless, his two assistants, "Slim"—who became the joy of Parisians because he was so unlike anything they had ever seen—and Fisher roll out his graceful biplane, the prettiest of them all. A visitor calls it a lemon-colored beauty; and says Curtiss: "Well, I hope it won't prove a lemon."

Quiet, sagacious, gentle—what swift-going bird is the prototype of the conquering Curtiss I know not.

Latham you will not find in the lane of sheds. Behind the grand-stand is a booth of flowers. There, on a folded chair, he sits hour after hour, smelling a rose and smiling. A blithe little man, round-shouldered as all birds are, his face scarred from that deathly fall in the Channel.

Ten o'clock.

A crowd now blackens the stand and fields beyond; the wind tears away the clouds; the rain ceases. Guffroy ventures out, the first to get out and away. He is on a curious red-winged butterfly, a monoplane with a seven-cylinder motor that makes for confusion; but a beauty of the red wings! Three of those Esnault-Pelterie machines are entered. Fortune shuns them. They are the birds that won't go up—the very Peter Pans of aviation. They are not alone. There is a young Span-

iard, Sanchez Besa. Day after day we watch him pathetically scurrying about on the ground behind the wooden sheds—never to go up. And there's the good Captain Ferber of the French army on a Voisin. He does indeed get up now and then, but with maddening persistence his biplane dives straight for the buffet where drinks are served. It is tragic, but the crowd will not take it that way. The hapless Peter Pans!

Against mud on the ground and wind in the air the aeroplanes fought all day, making mere trial flights, coming heavily to earth. Lefebvre in his Wright had the advantage of getting off on his rail, and his flight, nearly twice around, was the first real flying the crowd had seen. Long ere this, however, visitors had lost heart and began to desert the dreary plain where so little happened.

Then all at once—

How many thousands were there there? Say 50,000. They saw—the historic 50,000—what mortal man in all the ages never saw.

It happened all at once. Twelve aeroplanes, crimson, white, golden, crept out of their sheds, poised on the wet field, and, one by one, took the air. There were six of them flying—there were eight—there were ten, a-wing at once, chasing each other, passing and repassing, now touching earth only to rise again—even that red butterfly of Guffroy was aloft. So mad a sight not one of us has dreamed of. It was fantastic, it was occult, it was inhuman, these specters with wings and flaring blades racing dimly in that twilight of wind and cloud. One and then another went to earth, but always Lefebvre

in his heavy Wright kept the air; three times he circled the course; then whirled suddenly down on the grand-stand, curved away, shot back, and played for us the spectacular air-game Wilbur Wright invented to amuse King Edward at Pau, an exhibition of rare skill which lasted until night closed in. The rain fell again, torrential. In mud and blackness—but filled with curious self-esteem, as though humanity stood taller—the crowd swarmed back to Reims and the ten-dollar brick-floored bedrooms.

It was the first day.

The Air is Conquered

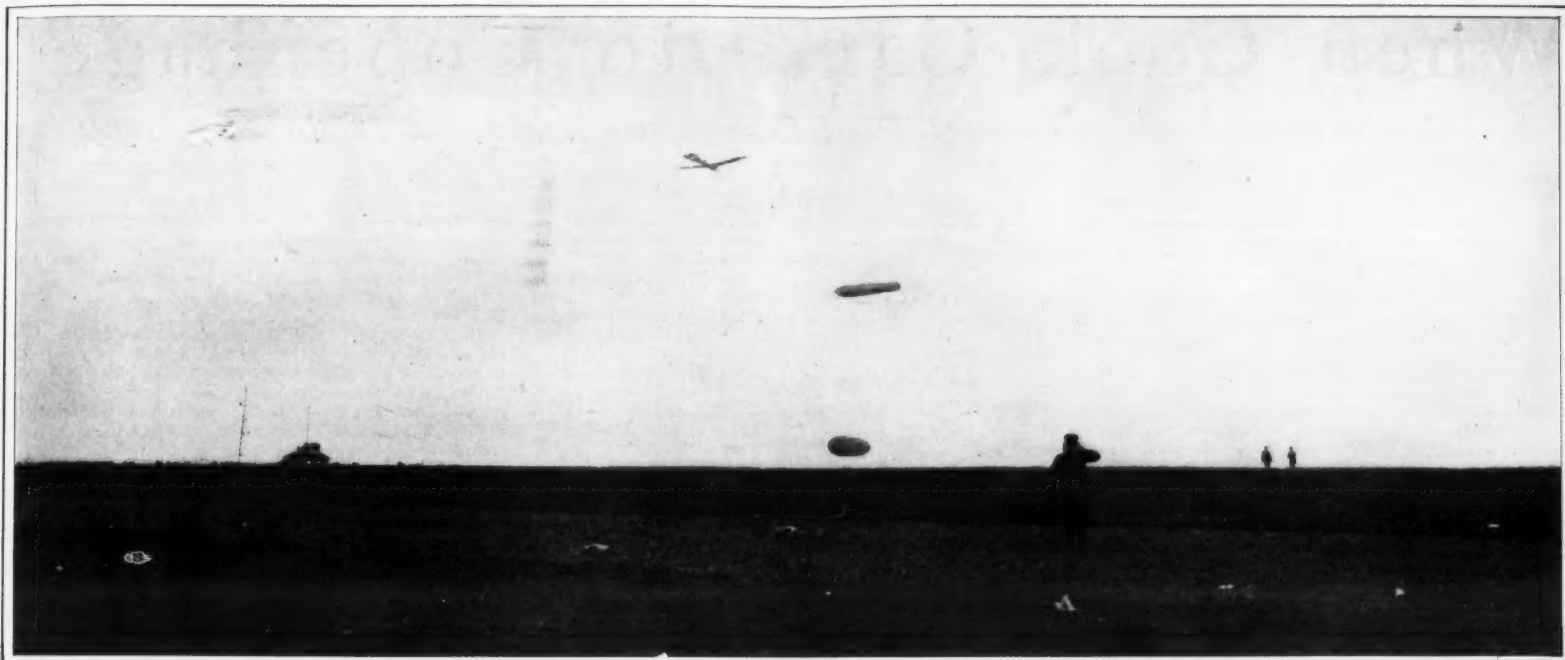
EVEN from that first day doubt was over—the bird-men had won. Storm and wind disheartened fled away. Constantly the red flag flew on the Place Royale, as who should say: "On vole! On vole!" Yellow sand covered the mud of the aviation ground. Parterres of flowers sprang into existence overnight. A gipsy band played "Czardas" while women promenaded their Paris gowns of white, of cream, of green up and down the boardwalk. For society came to Champagne. Came, too, the statesmen, the Lloyd-Georges, French ministers, grim army officers from Germany, ambassadors from all the world, Mrs. Roosevelt with her snapshotting sons and her daughter, lords and ladies, actors and actresses, they poured into the plain of Bétheny. President Fallières came and watched the boyish Bunau-Varilla make a brilliant flight and went his official way. Without him there was enthusiasm quite enough. Nothing, indeed, is harder to explain—to make clear—the tense emotion that gripped the crowd, that daily increased in strength and fervor, until at last it seemed there was but one heart, one voice, one universal thought. No one who made



Lefebvre



Dragoons hauling in a Blériot through the plains of mud



part of that historic multitude—a quarter of a million people the last day—will ever forget the tidal waves of emotion that swept it. And this was cumulative, for each day had its great event, were it only the dirigibles that came sailing over the plain, sedate blond birds, round which the aeroplanes whisked like gnats.

Usually the sensation came toward dusk. It was in the fading light the bird-men flew best. So it was late that Monday night when Blériot and Curtiss raced for the speed record. Louis Blériot was first aloft in his monoplane, driven by an eighty-horsepower motor. He made the six-mile course in 8 minutes 42 2-5 seconds. By 16 seconds he had beaten the record Lefebvre made in the Wright. Then Curtiss rose. His slim gilt beauty—a thing of gold canvas and gilded bamboo—took the air lightly and at once he pulled the throttle out. His was only a thirty-five horsepower, but how the wooden blades flew. A clean flight, steady and swift. His time was 8 minutes 35 3-5 seconds. If the French had cheered Blériot, you can imagine what a Yankee outcry greeted Curtiss as he limped back to his wooden shed.

A Record in the Dark

A VICTORY for the biplane over the monoplane? A question not easily answered. Like a large sheet of paper, much may be written on both sides.

Tuesday was Blériot's day. Paulhan had made his wonderful flight; three times Latham had sent his wonderful Antoinette round the course, high in air—officially, the day was over. The crowd was homing toward Reims. The plain was covered with shadows. Of a sudden Blériot, his eighty-horsepower drumming loud, flashed past the grand-stand and made for the first pillar at tremendous speed, turned it and vanished into the dark. The lords and ladies, ambassadors and statesmen, were now a yelling mob, on tables, on chairs, clinging to posts, screaming. It seemed a minute—it was 8 minutes and 4 seconds—when the winged thing flashed past again; a record broken in the dark.

Paulhan and Latham Days

PAULHAN made Wednesday his own day. Flying low, from twenty to thirty feet above the ground, he drove his majestic biplane round the course—once and again, five times, six, nine—

A crescendo of cheers and wild cries as he whirled past in the blood-red sunset; he beat the record of Wilbur Wright, the record of Sommer; always flying steady and low; the tenth round—

So having beaten all records, essence and oil being gone, Paulhan brought his huge Voisin softly to earth, far off in the vast harvest field.

Thursday was the day of Latham's revenge. All morning he sat idly in the flower booth smelling a rose—laying it down now and then to sign a postcard for some Yankee girl who would not be denied. Over the sunny plain Delagrangé,

Latham's Monoplane Outstripping Two Dirigible Balloons on the Day That He Won the Record for Height

The Antoinette climbing into the sky—the machine which captured the altitude contest by rising to a distance of 155 meters, or 505 feet above ground. This was the feature of the closing day of the aviation meet. Farman made second place with a flight which reached a height of 360 feet, and Paulhan came third. The dirigible balloons "The Zodiac," and the "Colonel Renard," at their different appearances in the overhead arena, were "clumsy and grotesque" in comparison with their

trimmer, swifter rivals. A summary of the international contests shows that the honors were divided between the monoplanes and biplanes, but the advantage appeared to rest with the latter. One of the Wright brothers has been quoted as saying that these races thoroughly demonstrated the superiority of the biplane type. The Curtiss biplane won the International Cup, with \$5,000 for the twelve-mile speed event, and the eighteen-mile race with a prize of \$2,000. The Farman biplane won the duration contest for the Champagne prize of \$10,000, and also captured the passenger race. Blériot's monoplane won the lap record, bringing him \$1,400 and Latham's monoplane the height trial, with \$2,000



Blériot the Channel-Flier, holder of the Lap Record



Farman, in his biplane, Champagne Prize winner



Louis Paulhan, who beat the record of Wilbur Wright, meets President Fallières



Glenn Curtiss and Anna Held

Cockburn, the lone Englishman, Count de Lambert were flying. Latham idled with his rose, his cigarette, and the picture postcard girls. It was two o'clock when he lounged over to his shed.

In fifteen minutes the Antoinette was in air—the sun flashing on her metallic sides. Latham sits above the wings, easily as one sits in a boat. Almost immediately he rose to 150 feet. Of all flights it was the most picturesque. Again and again the gigantic dragon-fly circled the course. The wind rose. The horizon darkened. The rain came down. Far to the left a thick storm gathered, spitting lightning. There was no cheering now, but the silence was tense with anxiety. Always Latham sent the Antoinette down the course; the huge wings tilted as he turned; and he went into the distance where only the field-glass could follow his flight—into the storm.

The Antoinette Rides the Storm

THE daredevil of them all! He rode the storm. In that unprecedented flight—that epoch-making flight—through wind and rain, amid lightning flashes and muttering thunder, he broke the one-hour record, the two-hour record, the 100-kilometer record. He earthed safely when oil and essence had given out. Dragoons and infantry guarded him from the frantic wel-

come of the mob. Smoking a cigarette, he went back to the booth of flowers and sat down to smell a rose.

Farman had been a dark horse. There were rumors his motor had gone wrong—that he had a new one—that he had something up his sleeve besides his arm. He waited until Friday. Then, when Latham had done his best, the grim vulture-man went up. He was at the very last hour—so patiently had he waited. Then, in a flight enormous and superb, he snatched away the trophy, winning the Grand Prix of Champagne and \$10,000.

There were left the speed prize and, choicest of all, the prize for the International Cup; and it was in the horoscope of Glenn Curtiss to make them his the next day. For Blériot was left the prize for the fastest round-the-course trip; Latham, who reached the height of 155 metres, took the prize for altitude; Farman, who took up two passengers, won the passenger prize. In all, the biplanes won four of the big events, the monoplanes two.

Man Against Man

WHAT is of more signal importance is the fact that the best men won. The personal equation entered largely into the contest. The Farman biplane won when Farman was between the wings. It was Blériot who won for his monoplane, though many another drove.

A significant fact, but possibly it means no more than the old familiar phrase: Wont makes perfect. What the great week really proved is that aeroplanes can hold the air in a wind of over fifteen miles an hour; that the long-doubted motor has come in half a dozen types; that air-racing is safer than automobiling; and, finally, that the tall bridges are down on the roads of the air. He may fly who will.

When Cook Came to Copenhagen

The Brooklyn Explorer Gets the Third Degree from British and Danish Reporters

By H. M. LYON

IT WAS not so much the floutishing of silk tiles, the summons to the King, and the general *de rigueur* obsequies of welcome as they are planned the world over by well-meaning committees. It was not the flying of the American flag in that little northern city, nor the solid curiosity of the Danish populace, which planted itself on its heels all day before Cook's hotel. It was none of these things which stood out as the thing of most interest when Cook came to Copenhagen.

When Cook came to Copenhagen the thing of most interest was the Great Interview. For three days a world had waited for more news. For nine hours after Cook came the newspaper men had waited for him to speak. He had not spoken. People began saying he did not speak because he had nothing to say. He had discovered the North Pole—in his mind and “over the left.” As near as can be discerned from an offhand knowledge of the Danish language, it was put to much humorous employment in regard to Cook and the Pole. One cartoon showed two Eskimos holding their sides and laughing, saying: “We are Cook's witnesses. We can say he discovered the Pole.” In the hallway of the hotel, newspaper men from London massed in a growling squad. Sundry peevish cablegrams from their papers wanted to know if they had gone to Copenhagen for any particular reason or just on general principles. Cook was with the King. W. T. Stead and his confrères were preparing a list of questions entitled: “When is a Discoverer Not a Discoverer?” And at last, about six o'clock, in dashed the explorer fresh from the royal presence. He was for going to his room and, presumably, letting the “press of the world” go hang. But again there was a conference of silk tiles, a nodding of heads, a crowding and jamming and growling of the press of the world—and Cook consented to the Great Interview, an interview that shall be historic through the ages, the first hunk of real meat thrown to a ravening world. A plump little Dansk head-waiter led the explorer and the herd into a banquet hall deserted. He did it with considerable waiter pomp. Dane and German, Londoner and American, poured pell-mell around a small table, pencils and note-books in hand. The Danes, not understanding English, were mostly there to take up space. Doctor Cook sat down at the table and bowed his face in his hands, trying to get a grip on himself. Impressions by the myriad had been bewildering him for 540 consecutive minutes. He wondered what on earth was up now. William T. Stead, gray-headed and alert, stood up and squared his shoulders. The Great Interview was on.

Two things the press of the world would like to have Doctor Cook express an opinion about, deposed Stead. Not that he—Stead—or any of the rest of the press of the world had the slightest doubts of Doctor Cook's et cetera, et cetera; but inasmuch as the whole affair was up in the air, would he, Doctor Cook, say that he really thought, so far as he was able to judge, in his own mind, and deep down in his own heart, and all that sort of thing, he had discovered the North Pole? “I think so,” replied Doctor Cook, like a bashful schoolboy.

“You have set your foot right on it,” interpolated Stead.

“Oh, I couldn't say that. I got to where there wasn't any longitude.”

Cookites and Anti-Cookites

A TERRIFIC nodding of reporters' heads. He had got to where there wasn't any longitude. Pencils bristled.

“Well, Doctor Cook—now, mind you, these are not my personal sentiments” (slapping Cook heartily on shoulder)—“I am a Cookite myself from the top of my head to the soles of my feet—but the world, we can readily foresee, is going to be divided into Cookites and anti-Cookites. For the benefit of us Cookites, then, will you say, first, that your records are authentic, and, second, that you consider yourself a competent man to take down records?”

Cook admitted that he had that sort of an opinion of himself. He had carried certain instruments, such as a

sextant, a chronometer, and a barometer, and he affirmed that he knew how to use these instruments.

“But you did not set your foot,” returned Stead, “upon the exact point of the Pole.”

“I doubt if anybody could do that. I got within the circle, I think. I went around it for two days making observations.”

“What does it look like?” interrupted a mild-voiced person.

“Ice,” testified the explorer.

“Ah, yes, ice,” repeated the mild person.

The Grill of Fatuous Questions

STEAD came back to his point. “If you did not set foot on the Pole, Doctor, you at least got within gunshot of it. I say, from where you stood you could have fired a bullet over the exact point.”

“Yes, I should say so.”

A Dane in the background was displaying convulsions. His larynx was trying to adjust itself so as to emit some English. “What—did—you—say—about—a—gun?”

“He could have shot a gun across the Pole,” announced Stead.

Every reporter in the room wrote that down.

“Now some details as to your journey up there, Doctor: your dash for the Pole.”

“It was simply that—a dash. We did not try to carry all the heavy instruments that Nansen and the others carry. Therefore, there is nothing so very scientific

longitude. They know what the Pole is, of course. They call it the ‘Big Nail.’ And they can testify in a general way to the number of days' travel they made from a certain point of departure. I think a letter is already on its way to Copenhagen containing their testimony.”

“Ah, then, some one has interviewed them?”

“No, not them. But other Eskimos to whom they told their story.”

Then Cook very patiently explained to the circle of rather glittering eyes that he had no reasons for trying to hoodwink the world as to his achievement.

“It would take a colossal cheek,” remarked Stead, frankly—but that they would have to take his word for it that he had been where he said he had been until his records could be examined by a proper board. “I am in this work for the love of the work, gentlemen,” he said, with a tired, patient smile. “I am not in it for money. And I have brought back just exactly the sort of records and proofs that every Arctic explorer brings back.”

The press of the world was beginning to warm up to the discoverer. Previously they had had their doubts. The press of the world also began to show signs of wanting to ask silly questions. Such as: Did the explorer like to eat fox? The explorer did not like fox any more than he did wolf or dog, but at times the explorer would eat the paint off of a barn if he could have gotten it.

Also, was it cold at the Pole? It was. It was minus 36 degrees Fahrenheit. The “Herald” had printed it Centigrade. This was a mistake. But ever since the “Herald” moved to Paris it has been quite confused as to Fahrenheit and Centigrade.

Had he planted the Stars and Stripes at the Pole?

Well, he had set up a flag and taken a photograph of it. But afterward he had taken this flag down. H. P. Whitney or some Whitney now has this. There was now a little silk flag, in a metal cylinder, reposing somewhere there in the drift.

“Stars and Stripes?” insisted Stead.

“Yes,” admitted Cook. “Stars and Stripes.” Just what was in Mr. Stead's mind at the time is occult.

How did the explorer catch the musk-ox when his ammunition was exhausted? There followed fifteen minutes' description of how to coax the surly musk-ox into the rocks and drop a noose over his head.

Would he tell what the King of Denmark said to him. He begs to be excused.

Had he taken many photographs? About four hundred, not developed yet.

Was he a competent photographer? Yes.

Would he please spell the Eskimos' names again? He did, Stead accompanying.

A young London reporter arose, adjusted his eyeglasses, and peered into Cook's face. “Do you really mean to say you traveled fifteen miles a day?” Doctor Cook did, and the reporter said: “Some other explorer told me that was impossible.”

Three Danish reporters, who had blinked uncomprehendingly through it all, started a row in a corner of the room. When the noise was untangled, it was found to mean that they wanted Cook's autograph.

Cook said he must get ready for a banquet, and if they were through with him he would like to go. The press of the world came at him one at a time upon this.

“Just one question, Doctor Cook,” blurted out a happy soul. “Did you receive a decoration from the King?”

Cook studied a moment before turning slightly red and replying: “No.”

Then the happy soul said: “No. Didn't get nothing?” and went on his blissful way.

The Probe Continues

A PUCKERY-LIPPED, thin little man sidled up and said: “One moment, Doctor Cook. Just one moment.”

“What is it?” he asked.

“I want to know, are you a Christian?”

“I'm afraid I can't answer that question without being misunderstood. Just say in a general way that I am, but that I don't belong to any particular church.”

“One moment, Doctor. Will you deliver an address—?”

“Do you want to sell your book? At any price?”

“Will you sign a contract for the lecture platform?”

But the explorer had fled. The Great Interview was over.

COPENHAGEN, 8-10-1895.



Dr. Cook, followed by the Crown Prince of Denmark, landing at Copenhagen on his return from the Arctic

about the achievement. We traveled as lightly as possible, and made about fifteen miles a day.”

“Impossible,” bellowed an excited near-Dane in the background. “Fifteen miles a day! Impossible.”

“Danish miles, yes. English miles, no,” insisted the Doctor.

“Even fifteen English miles impossible!” said the near-Dane rather automatically. Nobody else knew anything about it, so the subject was dropped.

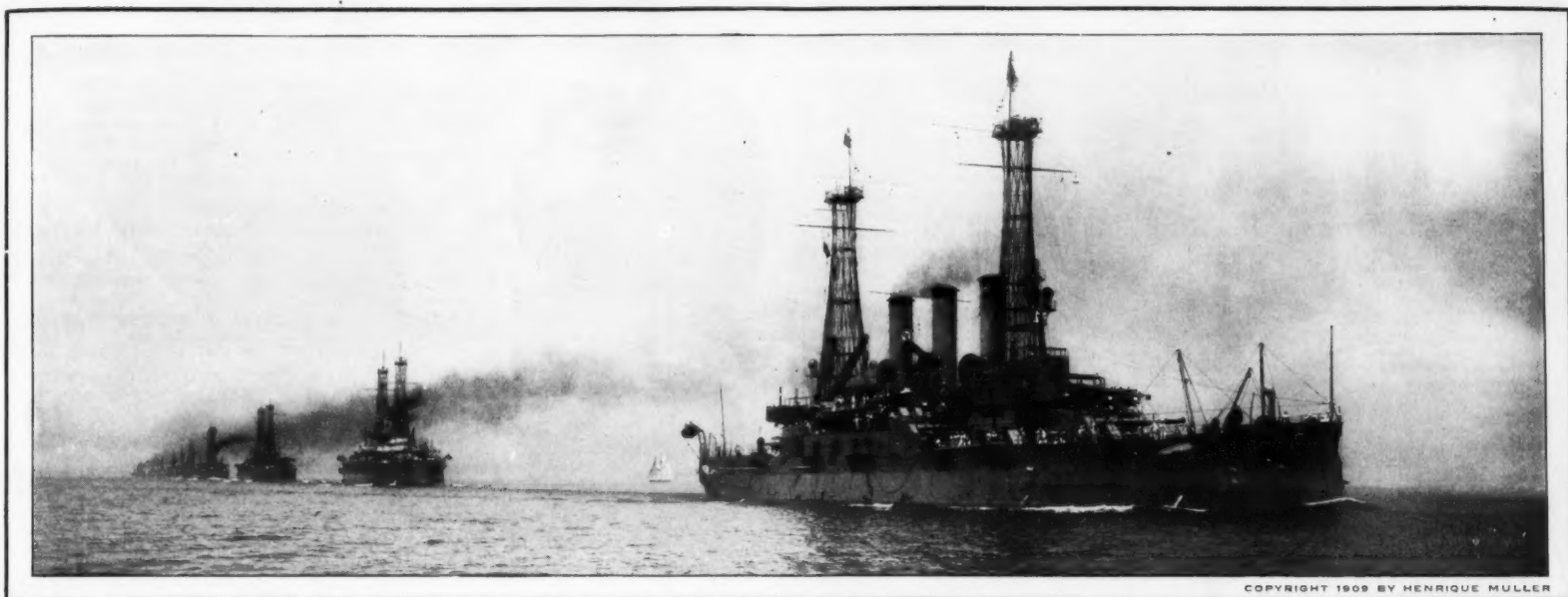
“You say ‘we’ traveled,” continued Stead. “Do you mean—?”

“Myself and the two Eskimos.” Then the explorer made appropriate Eskimo noises. It transpired that he was naming the Eskimos. A bright American voice asked him to spell the names. Cook looked rather bored and started in on the alphabet. It took about two minutes for each name, the going being rather heavy. Mr. Stead detonated each letter as it fell from the explorer's lips.

“You can get these two men to testify that you have been to the Pole?” was the next question.

“Yes. That is, they know where they went. They have no knowledge of the intricacies of latitude and

What the World Is Doing



The United States Atlantic fleet leaving the Southern drill grounds, off Norfolk, Virginia, on its way to the Hudson-Fulton celebration at New York

The Pole

THE discovery of the South Pole now becomes, naturally, a task to be attacked and finished as soon as possible. The British already have expressed anxiety lest this secondary honor fall to any other nation, and Captain Scott, of the *Discovery* expedition, has appealed for funds to equip a British Antarctic expedition next year. "It is a poor consolation," says the London *Daily Mail*, "to read in Commander Peary's account that he placed an Englishman, Captain Bartlett, in command of the last supporting party because it seemed appropriate to have him next to an American. If Peary's great exploit is to be rivaled, the South Pole alone remains as our sphere of action. A race for it is certain in the immediate future. Are the Stars and Stripes or the German tricolor to be nailed to the South Pole?"

The film of gossip and denunciation has increased by Commander Peary's reiterated attacks on Cook. Cook left Denmark with the authenticity of his story much less questioned there than in England and America. Even here sympathy was stirred up for him by the overexcited denials of his story telegraphed down from the north by Commander Peary. These denunciations, the outburst of a man under great nervous tension, and suddenly confronted in the silent north with such astounding news, which he believed a shameless fabrication, were natural, but after the first denial they injured the Peary cause.

An interesting side-issue was the two opposing decisions on the New York *Times's* copyright given by Judge Learned Hand of the United States District Court in New York and by Judge Peter S. Grosscup of the United States Circuit Court in Chicago. Judge Hand issued a temporary injunction restraining the *Sun* and the *World* from reprinting the *Times's* copyrighted despatches from Peary until the argument could be held. The next day he dissolved the injunction, and stated in his decision that the pamphlet which the *Times* had published and mailed to the Librarian of Congress, to establish its copyright, could not be construed as a newspaper, and the only right which the contract with Peary gave the *Times*, as he understood it, was that of publication in what could fairly be called a newspaper.

Judge Grosscup, on the contrary, issued two injunctions to restrain the Chicago *Examiner* from using the Peary story copyrighted by the *Times* and published in Chicago, by arrangement, by the Chicago *Tribune*. He held that Commander Peary's rights to his own story were paramount and that the publishers with whom he had made arrangements could not be protected without availing themselves of the copyright law. The copyright was not invalid, as against trespass, simply because there was an uncertainty between publisher and author as to the exact form of publication. Nothing appeared in the contract, said Judge Grosscup, prohibiting the *Times* from copyrighting the manuscript as a book and compelling them to copyright it only as news.

Various questions have been raised as to the ownership of the Pole and of any land which may lie in its vicinity. In a telegram to the State Department Commander Peary announced that he had taken possession of the Pole in the name of the United States. The State Department did not commit itself in its reply. The question was asked, but not answered, several times in the House of Commons. Unofficial despatches from Canada stated that Canada would claim, as her hinterland, all the land between the North American boundary

and the Pole. If, as seems decided by the early stories of Peary and Cook, there is no land at the Pole, the latter is on the high seas and can not be claimed by any country.

That "Harriman Market"

NOT Mr. Harriman's death, but the first filterings of accurate knowledge of his physical condition, set Wall Street to playing the game that has always proved exciting during the mortal illness of men at the head of big interests. Here is the chronology of the recent "Harriman market" in Union Pacific:

August 16 Union Pacific, common stock, sold at \$219 a share, its record high price, a jump since February 24 of 46½ points. This was while Mr. Harriman was at the German baths, and rumor said that Union Pacific stockholders were to share in a huge melon-cutting. August 17 came a cablegram saying that Mr. Harriman had lost ten pounds and was coming back to America for a much-needed "after-cure"; Union Pacific dropped to \$210 a share. Mr. Harriman sailed and the stock dropped, in the four following days, to \$203 a share. August 21 a wireless message from the ship on which Mr. Harriman sailed said he was feeling well; Union Pacific rose to \$209 a share. August 24 Mr. Harriman entered New York Harbor, and the wireless news of his condition was cheering; Union Pacific went to \$211 a share. Next day, however, Mr. Harriman landed, "wasted and worn by disease," "fairly tottering down the gangplank"; Union Pacific dropped to \$204 a share. August 26 alarming stories about Mr. Harriman's condition sent Union Pacific down to \$198 a share, and on August 28 to \$194. August 29 and 30 the reports from Mr. Harriman's home were encouraging—the master of Union Pacific had sat

at the head of his own table twice on Sunday; Monday morning Union Pacific opened three points higher than its best price Saturday, and went up to \$202 a share. After rising another point, the stock dropped that week to \$198. The week beginning September 6 and ending September 11 saw a fall in the stock's value to \$193; then, on Friday, September 10, the day following Mr. Harriman's death, ready support brought the stock to \$207, and on Saturday to \$211.

Other known Harriman stocks were supported in the same way by the big interests who had backed the financier. The Street behaved as it did when Jay Gould was stricken and died after a prolonged illness. By contrast, the panic in Brooklyn Rapid Transit stock and in New York Central that ensued when ex-Governor Flower died and when William H. Vanderbilt died suddenly was sudden and severe.

Mayor Tom Wins

HIS old power lives: at the primary election in Cleveland, on September 7, Tom L. Johnson was made the Democratic candidate for Mayor, and party opposition, as expressed in votes, practically did not exist. If he wins over Herman C. Baehr, County Recorder and nominee of the Republican Party, it will be his fifth victory since he returned to galvanize Cleveland in 1901. His last triumph was over Burton, now United States Senator. Johnson's political success has been as notable as the failure of his economic plans. Four times in succession his attempts to give Cleveland three-cent street-car fares have been defeated. The last was at a referendum election on August 3, when one of the Mayor's associates failed to secure the necessary franchise to operate a three-cent fare line which was to serve as a basis for a general city system.

In the campaign between Johnson and Baehr, both sides are pledged to the lowest rate of fare consistent with adequate service and a return of six per cent on a fair valuation of street railway property. This primary election was the first test of Ohio's general primary law. The one hostile criticism was of the requirement that obliged the voter on entering a booth to announce publicly the ticket—Democratic or Republican—he meant to support. This choice he will be compelled to stand by for two years at least.

Progress in Peru

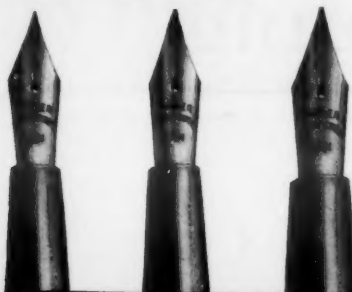
THE long-awaited railroad connecting the west coast of South America with the Amazon seems at last to be almost in sight. The Peruvian Government has granted a provisional concession to a German firm, and surveys will soon begin. The Amazon, it will be remembered, nearly cuts the South American continent in two. Navigation is possible clear up to Iquitos at the eastern foot of the Andean slope, only about four hundred miles from the Pacific. There has never been either railroad or wagon road from there westward. As a result, Peruvian products destined for Iquitos are generally taken all the way round to Liverpool, reshipped to Para, and there reshipped again. Peruvian rubber is carried down the Amazon and shipped as Para rubber instead of going out by way of the west coast. The new railroad will bring Iquitos within ten days of the Pacific Coast instead of the six months often consumed now in shipping goods from a Peruvian port to the Amazon headwaters. In short, this little strip of railroad, only about four hundred miles long, will mean to Peru and the upper Amazon country very much what the first



To the Memory of Père Marquette

At Mackinac Island, Michigan, a statue of Père Jacques Marquette was unveiled on September 1, as a tribute to the missionary and explorer, who penetrated into Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, and Wisconsin, in 1668-1675

FREE TO TRY



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Geo. S. Parker

You, if you use ink, have use for one of my pens. You will enjoy its convenience, expedite and lighten your work and increase your accuracy.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

are work tools, more actually so than ordinary fountain pens because they have an extraordinary exclusive feature—the Lucky Curve.

The Lucky Curve, illustrated here to the right, is the curved ink feed, which, when you return the pen to your pocket, clears itself of ink, giving free passage to air expanded in the reservoir by the heat of your body. Straight ink feeds, common to all other fountain pens, retain ink until it is forced into the cap by the air, where it frequently soils your fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write. But not with the Parker—because of the Lucky Curve.

Isn't this feature alone enough to win your preference to the Parker?

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DEALERS—Write for my special 1909 proposition to first 1500 dealers—a remarkable offer by which you can get a representative assortment of Parker pens and a splendid plate-glass show-case.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
GEO. S. PARKER, Pres.
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transcontinental line meant to our own Western States. The plan is to build the road in from the port of Paita and over a pass at an altitude of seven thousand feet. This is extremely low for the Andes—the Oroya Railroad, a little further south in Peru, climbing fifteen thousand five hundred feet in order to cross the range. The cost will be about \$15,000,000.

The British Budget

LORD ROSEBERY'S emphatic speech against the budget, at Glasgow on September 10, seems to have given considerable heart to the opponents of that measure. Lord Rosebery used such vague terms of reproach as "Socialistic," but he also used more definite arguments, such as that a method of taxation which aims primarily at realized capital will immediately throw many thousands of workmen out of employment, and will ultimately prove a kind of taxation that is obstructive to enterprise, a point which is generally held to be more applicable to a heavy income tax than to the proposed land taxes. Huge areas of land are held in Great Britain for pleasure, and for show. The budget undertakes to tax idle land, and land in thickly settled communities which is rapidly increasing in value through no act of the owners, and both of these taxes are very small.

The outcome, should a general election be caused by whatever action is taken by the House of Lords, is generally looked upon as doubtful.

The McKee's Rocks Settlement

TROUBLE is over at the Pressed Steel Car Company's plant at McKee's Rocks. After fifty-six days of turbulent contention, the eight thousand strikers went back to work on September 8. As usual, a fairly satisfactory compromise was reached: The company promised to reform its piece-pooling system of paying wages and to print on the pay envelopes the amount to be deducted for accident insurance; it did not grant a definite increase in wages, but promised "that, as general business conditions improve, its workmen will share in the benefits resulting therefrom"; it established an information bureau for the investigation of complaints of unfair treatment of workmen; and it took back all the strikers—the first six hundred to quit as well as the "big six"—the leaders.

Eight lives were lost, five hundred persons were injured, and a Government inquiry (which was practically dropped with the ending of the strike) was provoked by the rather antiquated view of the proper relations between employer and worker of the owners of this big plant. Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, acting for the Department of Commerce and Labor, conferred with the strike leaders after the decision to go back to work was made.

More Speed

SCARCELY had the Cunard steamship *Lusitania* won for herself the distinction of being the first "Thursday boat" when the *Mauretania*, which had just broken the record on her eastbound voyage, clipped seven minutes from the *Lusitania's* record between Daunt's Rock and the Ambrose Channel lightship off Sandy Hook. The *Mauretania* covered the 2,783 miles at an average of 25.87 knots. Her time for the run was 4 days 11 hours and 35 minutes, and Captain Pritchard and his chief engineer, Curry, believe she could have made it about four hours less if she had not been provided with coal which they say came from the north of England. Moreover, off the Banks, on the third night out, the *Mauretania* had to go carefully through a fleet of fishing vessels, and this cost her about three-quarters of an hour.

Remarkable Marksmanship

TOO accurate shooting delayed the recent target practise of the Atlantic fleet off Cape Henry. So proficient were the gun-pointers that after a few days of firing three of the floating targets were destroyed utterly, and others—two dismantled torpedo-boats and a target barge—had to be withdrawn for repairs. This year, for the first time, moving targets were used, and the sea off Cape Henry was rough. Under such unfavorable conditions, remarkable results were recorded. One gun crew on the *Louisiana* made a record of one hundred per cent at one target in the preliminary firing for choosing pointers. The marksmen of the *Vermont*, who last year in Manila Bay won the battle practise pennant, kept up their splendid work. An innovation this year was the use of cinematographs to take moving pictures of the splashes of the shots; when targets were shot away last year hits were merely estimated by the observers.



MR. MASTERSON,
Author of "The Tenderfoot's Turn."

Mr. Masterson has written in a fascinating vein about the expertness of the most famous six-shooter men of the early days. We have published it in a handsome booklet, illustrated in colors. It also tells why you can shoot the Savage Automatic straight without thought or effort. Free. Write for it.

"Bat" Masterson Says:

"A tenderfoot with a Savage Automatic and the nerve to stand his ground, could have run the worst six-shooter man, the West ever knew, right off the range."

Mr. Masterson, famous Sheriff, of Dodge City, and Government Scout in the early days, gives these two sound reasons for the above positive assertion.

First, anyone, without practice, can shoot the Savage Automatic straight. Point it naturally, off hand, just as you point your finger, and you hit what you aim at!

Second, the Savage Automatic is quicker and gets in the first shot every time against a revolver. You can fire 10 shots as fast as you can press (not pull) the trigger.

10 Shots Quick

You should know about this wonderful, modern pocket-arm; not like other automatics in action. Safer and easier to carry than a revolver. Powerful (.32 cal.); light (19 oz.); short (6½ in.); fits flat in pocket. Try it at your dealer's. If he hasn't it, you can buy from us.

The Famous Savage Rifles

have been used for years by sportsmen and are known to be the most skillfully built rifles in America. The sporting size, '99 Model, 303 Repeater and the '05 Model, 22 cal. Repeater, are premiers in their classes. We will send you the new Savage Rifle Catalogue, handsomely illustrated, full of rifle information, for your address on a post card. Address, SAVAGE ARMS CO., 829 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y., U. S. A.

The New SAVAGE Automatic



Write for this Book Today

It describes the various methods for filing correspondence, papers, catalogs, bills and all kinds of loose sheets or forms—shows how to make your filing system effective and economical in its operation—describes a perfect

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for a model sales department sending out 100,000 letters a year, and explains how this volume of mail can best be handled for a period of three years. It tells how to make your filing system a vital part of the machinery for producing you more business—how to turn it from an expense item into a money-maker. Write today for Book C W 809

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A Rare Combination
DELICIOUS AND ANTISEPTIC

The dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste.

It gives a pearly lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

Trial ribbon tube sent for 4c.
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COMES OUT A RIBBON LIES FLAT ON THE BRUSH

While Ringing the Alarm

is no time to begin to wonder if your insurance is all right. You should know now. Don't put off another day looking up your policies. If they are in the Hartford don't worry. For 99 years it has promptly paid every honest loss. If not in the Hartford and they are to expire soon—as a reminder just make a note on the margin like this

Insure in the Hartford

Agents Everywhere





Suppose Men Had the Say

Suppose men ordered the food, or that men were the cooks. Let us look at the facts about pork and beans and judge what the men would do.

To bake beans at home means some sixteen hours of soaking, and boiling and baking. Men would never like that.

It means a hot fire maintained for hours. Men would wince at the cost of the fuel.

Then the beans must be eaten at once, else they sour. One can't keep them on hand for an opportune time, but must plan a whole day in advance.

The top beans are crisped, and the middle ones mushy and broken. That is all due to dry heat.

And the beans are not half-baked—not made digestible. Not half enough heat is applied. The result is they ferment and form gas.

How long would the average man bother to bake such an uninviting dish?

Suppose a man, after finding this out, should read one of these ads of Van Camp's.

He would learn that Van Camp's are baked in steam ovens, at a heat of 245 degrees. That heat breaks the

particles so the digestive juices can act. The beans don't ferment and form gas.

The steam oven leaves the beans unbroken. The beans are mealy, yet nut-like and whole. And the tomato sauce is baked into them to give a delicious blend.

What would a man do when he learned these facts and compared them with home-baked beans?

He would buy Van Camp's and try them. If he found them as good as we claim them to be, he would buy a dozen cans at a time.

He would keep them on hand. And whenever he wanted a meal in a hurry he would have it on the pantry shelf.

For a man would not be bound by traditions. He would have no old ways to outgrow and forget. His idea would be to get the best possible dish in the easiest way that he could.

So will you, Mrs. Housewife, if you'll once compare a can of Van Camp's with any other beans that you know.

Van Camp's BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE PORK AND BEANS

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment. That's more than you get in sirloin beef which costs three times as much. It's a pity to spoil such food.

It has taken us 48 years to learn how to bake beans as good as Van Camp's.

We buy only the choicest of Michigan beans. Then we pick them over by hand, leaving only the whitest, the plumpest, the fullest grown.

Such beans cost us four times what some beans would cost, but they're worth it.

Our tomato sauce is made only of whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. They are picked when the juice fairly sparkles. It costs us five times what common sauce costs, made of scraps from a canning factory.

Beans, when prepared in this ideal way, form Nature's choicest food. Compare them with other brands. Compare them with home-baked beans. Then do as your judgment tells you.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

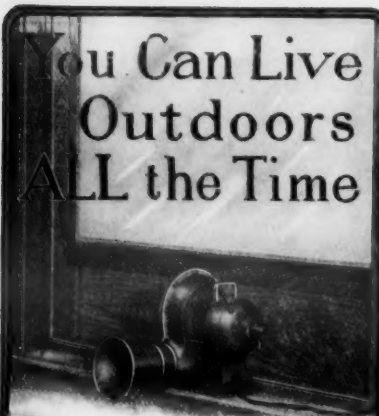
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The White Birds

(Continued from page 18)

It was toward one o'clock that, leaning against the breast-high rail of the bridge, gazing into the glare of the sea, he had fallen asleep. Perhaps it had been but the feverish doze of a moment. He could not tell, but he knew that he started awake as two bells struck with the terror of nightmare on him and an echoing in his ears. It was nightmare, he thought, and he shook himself. The bright, blinding day was all around. He saw ahead the ribbon of smoke. Surely he was broad awake, but in his ears still he heard the sound, and it was the sound of swift, following wings. He searched the bright air and saw nothing. Furtively he watched the steersman. Did the man hear it, too? He could not be sure. He dared not ask. Presently the sound grew fainter as the sound of a thing dropping astern to wait.

Then he felt that it was some trick of overwrought nerves. He had food brought him and coffee, but it did not pass. Either he was losing his mind or the thing was there. Toward sunset he could resist his impulse no longer, and went to the stern and stood gazing down the empty, endless lane of the wake. Turning back, he caught the Swede watching him with his eerie, wide-open, blue eyes.

He returned to the bridge and used the glass. They had gained now perceptibly. He could make her out a black speck on the sea's edge, but still he was without an answer to the question: "Were they gaining faster than what was following behind?"

Just after sunset the Chinaman died. They put him over the side as he was, with a deep-sea lead at his feet. Walters was holding his own. Bellew was low. The coma had come on.

The little moon was setting when the light faded from the west. The stars came out brilliantly in the deep night blue. By ten o'clock with the night glass they could make out the Bedford Crescent from the bridge, and the packing of the blown-out valve had held. But the sound in French's ears had grown louder, as if the unseen wings were drawing on. What it meant for him when it came he had ceased to care. He had come to accept that. But that it might come before the work was done, that was the torment.

He had no longer a wish to sleep. He no longer could. His brain was vividly awake. He felt no more fatigue or hunger or thirst. He stood on the end of the bridge on the starboard side, watching the never-ending wave that curved back from the bow, ceaselessly slipping by, ceaselessly breaking over in phosphorescent turmoil. So the night wore on.

V

THE flash of a gun flamed red in the gray dawn, the roar died away on the miles of empty sea; a shot dipped, flinging high the gray spray, sped on across the Bedford Crescent's bow, and buried in the swell. French looked back, his breath coming fast, and faced the south with defiance. A fierce joy swept him. The quarry was at bay. The following wings were still behind. Very soon might come what would. As the sun rose he was boarding with twenty men at his back.

"This is the British ship Bedford Crescent," shouted Pope from his bridge. "By what right do you stop us on the high seas?"

French made no answer, but went up the side. "I have no time to talk," he said hoarsely as he reached the deck; "I want your contraband arms!"

"We have no arms," cried Pope. "Your invoices," said French. "Be quick!"

"My invoices are for my agents," retorted the skipper. "By what right do you search a British ship at sea?"

"Conners," cried French, "open the safe." "Before God!" shouted Pope, "this is piracy! Go back to your ship, young man, and tell Captain Sparks there are no arms in the Bedford Crescent and thank John Pope for saving your neck."

"Clear away the hatches, men," said French. "Start the winches!" "I tell you to wait!" Pope shouted. "Lower my gig! I'll see Captain Sparks myself."

French laughed queerly. "Ours is a cholera ship," he said. "Sparks is dying." The winches began to grumble, the packages billed hardware came on deck, cases of rifles, revolvers, cartridges, and hour after hour French stood by the rail, checked them with the invoices and dropped them into the sea.

Toward noon the last case of rifles came up. It was billed as hinges. "Take this home with us," said French to his men, "for a specimen. Exhibit A."

He turned to the skipper. "Good-by," he said.

"My invoices," answered Pope. "Those we keep for Browning, Fraser & King," said the boy. "Exhibit B."

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"Those we keep," he repeated, vaguely. He heard a rumbling in his ears. He felt a thickness coming upon his tongue. His arms were growing numb. Things swam before his eyes and the burning noon grew black. He handed the invoices to Conners, reeled against the rail and slipped in a heap to the deck.

VI

THE ship was still. There was neither throbbing of machinery nor the heave or motion of the sea. The light was dim in the open port. Either it was nightfall or the dawn was breaking. His newly opened eyes were uncertain which, but it seemed of no importance.

Some one told him they were at anchor off Meriveles, the quarantine station, and his eyes closed again.

Sometimes fragments of remembered things moved dimly in his mind, but beyond its grasp, like the movements of creatures seen uncertainly in the depths of sunlit water. His mind had no grasp, no more than the water, of the things moving through it. Every two hours he took nourishment through a tube, and always as a new experience, yet always without surprise. Nothing surprised him, and spoken words that he heard sank and were lost in the same untroubled depths that swallowed his memory. It was on an afternoon with the low sun dying in the port-hole that two doctors talked beside him.

"The thing is complicated by auto-suggestion," said the first. "Nothing will rouse him. He believes subconsciously that he is going to die."

"But you've told him that Bellew is getting well," said the second.

"Yes, but deeper down he hears the following wings that he's been raving about."

"Well, it can do no harm to let the Admiral talk to him," said the second.

He heard all this as if not hearing, and dozed again.

The Admiral came softly in and went to the bunk. He looked at the pale, sunken face, half-covered with ragged beard, and wonder stirred him, for the mouth lay closed with new lines, the grave lines of decision which years and the habit of responsibility write in the faces of elder men, and there was also that calm sadness of the old who have outlived their hope. Strangest of all, in a score of days he had grown to look like his father, an old man.

"French," said the Admiral.

The boy opened his eyes and looked at him, mechanically, without recognition. Then the keen, weather-bronzed face under the white cap seemed to demand some acknowledgment.

"Admiral," he said.

"French," said the Admiral, "I've come here to tell you that you must get well."

"Why?" said the boy, wearily.

"Why?" repeated the Admiral. He assumed the sharp tone of the executive issuing orders. "Remember that you have a command, sir. This is quarantine station. Captain French, you must bring your ship into port."

For an instant French looked at him, only half-comprehending. Then the barrier that was across his mind broke. Those words, "Your ship," blazed through him with a flame of pride. Eagerness and youth rushed again into his eyes, and the deep lines seemed to fade, as wounds that fade to scars. Radiant, he sat up, half-rose from the bunk and saluted. "I will," he said. His eyes looked into the hawk eyes of gray without flinching. Then bodily weakness swept over him and all things blurred and swam. He swayed dizzily.

The Admiral put out his hand. "Good," he muttered hoarsely. He was dazed himself. It seemed that he was beholding a man and an officer come into being. Death he was hardened to, but birth overwhelmed him. His voice shook. "Good," he said again. He was able to say no more. He pressed the boy back on his bed, clumsily half-stroked, half-patted his thin hand once, and went out.

Signaling With Mars

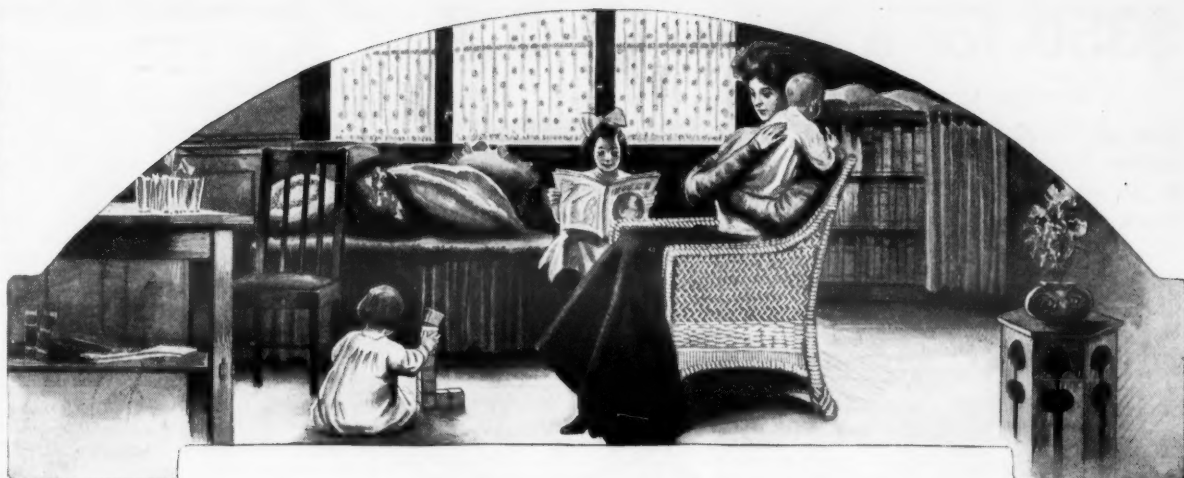
By PROF. WILLIAM R. BROOKS,
D.Sc., F.R.A.S.

Director of Smith Observatory, Hobart College

AS THE opposition of Mars, on the 24th of the present month approaches, renewed interest is manifested in the fascinating subject of signaling with our planetary neighbor.

At a previous favorable opposition, about fifteen years ago, certain astronomers saw some unusually bright points flashing out from the surface of Mars, which led to the idea that they were signals; and some more imaginative than the rest thought these signals took the shape of the Greek letter θ —Theos, God.

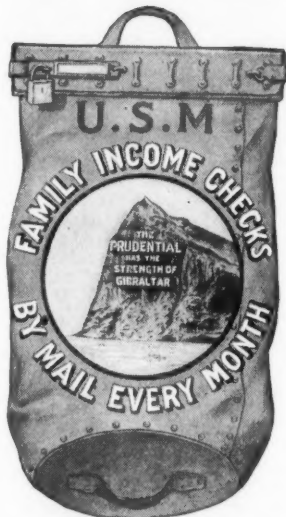
This, of course, raises the old and ever-popular question, one which is asked the astronomer more frequently than any



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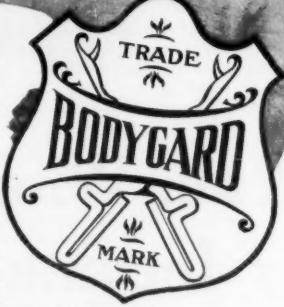
3rd Prize is awarded to "U. K. C"

172 contestants submitted this name. Space restriction prevents our giving these in detail. The third prize of \$50.00 will be equally divided among the winners.

Each of the above will receive his or her share by mail promptly.

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other: Is Mars inhabited? and by intelligent beings?

The most that the conservative astronomer is willing to say is that the apparent conditions there seem suited for habitation. Mars has the succession of day and night similar to the earth, the only difference being that their day is half an hour longer than ours. They have the same beautiful recurrence of the seasons, with a year nearly twice the length of our own.

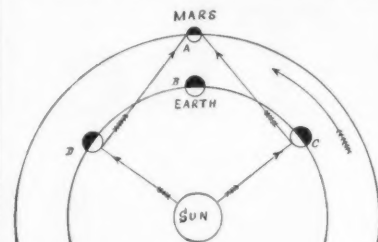
Added to this are the so-called canals of Mars, and, of course, if we accept the artificial character of these striking features of our neighboring planet, the question of its habitability is settled. These canals are so numerous and on such a gigantic scale that they must have been wrought by people of extraordinary engineering skill and industry. Being older than ourselves, they may be much farther advanced.

These inhabitants may differ from us greatly in form and structure and development, and be perhaps—humiliating thought—vastly our superiors. This being granted, it will be seen that they could easily follow us in any system of signals that we might construct, be they never so complex and gigantic.

What kind of signals are possible that would be likely to attract the attention of the people on Mars, assuming that they possess eyes and telescopes comparable to our own?

One eminent astronomer has suggested a series of great mirrors, fixed upon a rotating axis, and from which flashes of sunlight could be reflected to our neighboring planet.

Reference to the accompanying diagram will show that this could not be done



when Mars is at opposition, or nearest to the earth, because the sun-lighted hemisphere of the earth is then turned wholly away from Mars, A and B showing the relative position of these worlds at opposition. The experiment must be made, say, about two months before opposition or when the earth is in the relative position C, or about the same interval after opposition, when the earth is at D. When the earth is at C, a beam of light from the sun, as shown by the arrow, could be reflected to Mars, and to that portion of it that was in darkness, or during their early evening hours. If transmitted when the earth is at D, or after opposition, the beam could be seen by the Martians during their early morning hours before sunrise.

The method proposed by the writer is the establishing of a great area of electric lights that could be flashed on and off at regular intervals during our midnight hours, these flashes to be arranged not necessarily after the Morse code, for it were idle to suppose that the Martians are familiar with this. But a much simpler arrangement is suggested. A series, for instance, of five or seven flashes of one minute duration each, with an equal space between; then an open interval of ten minutes, to be followed by another series of flashes of one minute each, and so on. Let these signals be repeated every night for several weeks before, during, and after opposition. Of course, we should not expect an immediate response, for considerable time would be required to construct the answering signals.

If we had ours ready by the next opposition of the planet in November, 1911, then at the succeeding opposition, in two years and two months from that date, we might watch nightly for their response.

Or supposing we kept up the signals at every opposition until the next equally favorable one, fifteen years from now, and then received their answer, would it not pay? Would not the achievement be momentous?

Henry Hudson

(Continue from page 19)

their scalps, but they succeeded in eluding the Indians during the night, and got back to the ship, bringing the dead body of Coleman with them. His was the first white blood shed in this region, and his body was buried on the shore of Sandy Hook, the spot where it was laid being named by Hudson, Coleman's Point.

A day or two after this, when some Indians who had not heard of the affair, came on board the vessel, Hudson took two of them prisoners, and, putting red coats on them, held them as hostages for the good behavior of the rest.

On the morning of the 12th, after hav-



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When you are buying silk hosiery, ask for "Onyx"—it is an easy thing to do and assures you of correct style and the highest obtainable quality, consequently the longest wear and service.

The excellent quality described below contains recent improvements found exclusively in "Onyx" Silk Hosiery.

No. 498:—Black and colored, pure thread silk with a wide, double garter top, and sole of silk lisle, made with special extra length—a quality that will give more comfort and service than any other silk hose we know of.

No. 106:—Women's Pure Thread Silk—the extraordinary value—best made in America—every possible shade or color—Black, White, Tan, Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Wistaria, Amethyst, Taupe, Bronze, American Beauty, Pongee, all colors to match shoe or gown. Every pair guaranteed. \$2.25 per pair.

If your dealer cannot supply you write to Dept. C.



SHE:—"Don't forget!"


HE:—"I know—you want the best—that means 'Onyx.' I'm going to get a dozen pairs for myself, too."

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors New York

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

TRY IT 15 DAYS Free

You'll LIKE the Never-Fail



Sold on Everlasting Guarantee

You Only Risk a Stamp

to get the **Never-Fail Sharpener**. Greatest Razor Sharpening device ever invented. Makes old Razors new. Puts perfect edge on dulled blade. Keeps your razor sharp.

No. 1 for Safety Razors—weighs 6 ounces
No. 2 for Old Style Razors—weighs 8 ounces

Why Do We Send It on Trial?

Because you put your Razor in a **Never-Fail Sharpener** and it is sharp. There is never any time lost in shaving with a sharp Razor. No more dull, disagreeable Razors. No more honing. Fine for home use—indispensable for traveling.

How to Get It

Send us your full name and address and order Sharpener by number, and we will send it to you on a 15 day free trial. At the expiration of this time, you send us \$3.00 or return the Sharpener.

One price buys full outfit complete. No extras.

REMEMBER—Any kind or style of Razor can be sharpened with the Never-Fail.

NEVER-FAIL CO., 1036 Nicholas Bldg., TOLEDO, O.

Fine-Form

MATERNITY SKIRT

TRADE MARK

Registered in U.S. Pat. Office

of great interest to **Every Prospective Mother.**

Something new—only scientific comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society—Always drapes evenly in front and back—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or bursting—Can be worn the year round.

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

FREE Send for our **Fine-Form Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"**. It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers, and users.

10 Days Free Trial. When you get our book, if your dealer has not yet been supplied with **Fine-Form Maternity Skirts**, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, wear it ten days, and if you don't find it exactly as represented, send it back and we will cheerfully refund every cent paid. Other Skirts—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—same guarantee—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write to-day to **Boyer & Williams Co., Dept. 51, Buffalo, N. Y.**

WARNING

To protect you against disappointment we caution you that the **Fine-Form Maternity Skirt** is the only "Maternity Skirt" on the market, as it is the only skirt which can always be made to drape evenly, front and back—all substitutes offered will rise in front during development—no fault so repulsive to every woman of refined taste. No pattern can be purchased anywhere for this garment. Its special features are protected by patents.

Perfect Baker

A Fuel Saver

Pure Asbestos Lining

Known the World Over

The Great and Grand MAJESTIC

Malleable and Charcoal Iron

RANGE

"The Range with a Reputation"

Made by **Majestic Manufacturing Co.**
Dept. 4, St. Louis, Mo.

It should be in your kitchen

Ask your dealer to show it

\$75.00 upward for THE BEST

Lackawanna Motors

NEW "DOUBLE" TYPE

BALANCES EXPLOSIONS INCREASES POWER

Simplest—Most Efficient—Valveless

One to six cylinders 2½ to 45 H.P. for all boats. 41 years manufacturing and 11 years motor experience back of every **LACKAWANNA** engine. Complete boat outfit. Write for handsome New Catalogue of the "Silvered Cylinders." Not Price Alone—Better Quality!

Lackawanna Mfg. Co. 22 Coldwell St., Newburgh, N. Y.
126 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

ing lain at anchor in the Lower Bay for more than a week, Hudson sailed through the Narrows and six miles up the river which bears his name. On the morning of the 13th the *Half Moon* was able to work up the river against the wind a few miles farther, and was obliged to drop anchor almost opposite where Grant's Tomb now stands.

The Advent of "Fire-Water"

IN SPITE of the fact that blood had been shed, the Indians did not show the slightest signs of hostility, and came out in crowds to see the wonderful ship. As it drew nearer they concluded that it was a floating house, and that the commander in his brilliant red coat was a Manitou or Great Spirit. They put on their finest dress of paint and feathers to do homage to this powerful being who came among them so unexpectedly. When the white men landed they found the chiefs drawn up in a circle, awaiting the Manitou with all the dignity of their race.

The Manitou, so the legend runs, produced a large bottle, and, pouring a strange liquor into a glass, tasted it, then handed it to one of the chiefs. This one put it to his nose and passed it to the next, who also smelled of it and handed it along until it had been the rounds; each Indian gravely smelling but refraining from drinking, for they all thought that death must be in the cup. Just as it was about to be returned, untasted, one of the older chiefs said: "The Manitou will be offended if we reject his offering, and he may destroy us. It is better that one should die in the place of all." In this spirit of self-sacrifice he drank the liquor to the last drop, while the others stood and watched him with anxious curiosity to note what the effect would be. Soon his eyes began to roll, he staggered, and finally fell as if dead. Although the Manhattan Indians were the most warlike of any in the region, they were too much overcome with fear to offer any attack upon the white men, and when the old chief came to his senses out of his drunken stupor, his friends crowded round him with exclamations of surprise and delight. When he declared that he had never felt so happy in all his life there was an immediate and general demand for the wonderful liquor.

By the evening of the 14th the *Half Moon* had only been able to get up the river as far as Spuyten Duyvil, but she made good progress the next day, sailing across Tappan Zee and Haverstraw Bay, passing between Stony Point and Verplanck's Point, and by nightfall reaching what is now Catskill Landing. The distances are carefully recorded in the log, and all the places are described so vividly by those who first saw them that it is an easy matter to follow the voyage.

Indian Incidents

JUET'S journal records that as the vessel was going through "a channel where the land was high on both sides" (the Highlands), "the two Indians in the red coats got out of a port and swam away, and called to us with scorn." This conduct on the part of men who were being held as hostages seems to have been considered as unbecoming by the worthy mate of the *Half Moon*, but as the vessel was navigating an unknown channel it was not thought expedient to come about, and the Indians were allowed to escape.

At another time, when the ship was riding at anchor, the mate hung two of his shirts in a porthole to air, and some Indians came paddling alongside and took them. Although it is not so stated, they may have been the above-mentioned pair, who, having been presented with coats, thought it perfectly legitimate to add to their wardrobes. The mate, seeing his shirts disappear through the port, was so angered that he seized a gun and shot one of the Indians in the chest, killing him instantly. The other Indian leaped from the canoe and tried to swim for the shore, while a boat's crew put out in pursuit. When they came up to him, with the intention of taking him prisoner or knocking him over the head with an oar, the frightened savage did what any man in his predicament would have done—put a hand on the gunwale of the boat. The ship's cook promptly cut it off with a sword, and the poor savage was drowned, while the civilized whites rowed back to the vessel, elated with their victory and the recovery of the mate's property.

It is not fair to put the burden of this cruelty upon Hudson. He knew that his men were bound to quarrel, and as much as possible he kept them away from the natives. He refers to the Indians as "a very loving people" and the country as "the finest for cultivation I have ever seen."

By the 22d of September, Hudson had proceeded far enough up the river to realize that it would not lead to an open sea. Nevertheless, he sent out a party of men

Kenyon

Ken-reign Rain-Coats

Positively Hold Their Shape

On their shape retaining "skeleton" we construct a Rain Coat of better quality and workmanship than you can otherwise hope to secure for the prices charged.

When you understand the peculiar merits of the system developed for their manufacture in the largest factories of their kind in the world, you will be as certain as we are. The **LONDON "SLIP-ON"** the latest English Novelty; Ken-reign Triple-Ply, two fabrics with rubber between, in light weight worsteds, plain and fancy colors, for both men and women.

How Dry I Am!

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Read the lists of Kenyon Specialties above

C. KENYON COMPANY

23 Union Sq., New York—Wholesale Salesrooms—200 Jackson Blvd., Chicago

Specialties

FOR MEN \$10 to \$80

Ken-reign Rain Coats
Kenyon Overcoats
Kenyon Gabardines
Kenyon London Slip-on
Kenyon Harewell Trousers

Novelties

FOR WOMEN \$10 to \$30

Kenyon Utility Coats
London Slip-on Coats
Rubberized Silk Coats
Gabardines
Summer Coats

Many Styles are Motor Coats and Dusters

For Sale at good stores

LOOK FOR THE KENYON LABEL

Ask your dealer or write and tell us what garment you want, whether men's or women's. We will send samples and style book and will see that you are supplied.

Try It On STEAKS

Epicures declare a steak is not complete without

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Soups, Fish, Steaks, Roast Meats and many other dishes are improved by its use.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, AGTS., N. Y.

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHewing GUM

Chielets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chielets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chielets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

The Accurate Figuring Machine Duplex Model

Comptometer

ADDS MULTIPLIES DIVIDES SUBTRACTS

In a Class By Itself

adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides with mechanical accuracy. Simple to learn, easy to operate, saves from 1/3 to 1/2 of the time spent in mental calculation. As necessary and economical in the average business office as the typewriter.

From 87 to 406 Comptometers are used by Western Electric Co., Carnegie Steel Co., U. S. Navy and Marshall Field & Co., because the Comptometer is acknowledged to be the speediest, the most durable and the most satisfactory mechanical calculator ever made.

May we submit to you the absolute proof that the Comptometer will save you both time and money? Let us send you a Comptometer on free trial, prepaid, U. S. or Canada, without obligation? Write for book about the Comptometer, FREE.

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2 IN 1

The only perfect water-proof leather food polish. Doubles the life of leather.

10 cents

At All Dealers

The F. F. Dalley Co. Ltd.
Buffalo, N. Y. Hamilton, Can.

SHOE POLISH

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Victor Herbert

—the man who knows how to make popular music good and good music popular, who has built up the finest orchestra in the world, who has written some of the most irresistible and unforgettable music in this country—Victor Herbert will have a big part in the musical success of the Edison Phonograph and the Records that are made for it.

This means that the music on the Records is going to be better and more popular, that Victor Herbert will write some of it and that his orchestra will play some of it exclusively for Edison Standard and Amberol Records, and that Victor Herbert looks upon the Phonograph as the natural method of distributing good music around the country, just as a writer would use a book.

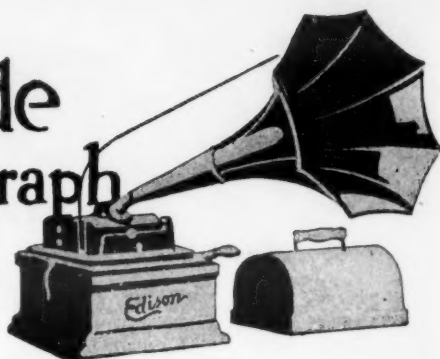
Good dealers, who will demonstrate the Edison Phonograph and have a large collection of Edison Records, are everywhere. There is one near you.

"The Edison Phonograph and the Home" is the name of an elaborately illustrated book, giving some of the reasons why you should have a Phonograph.

Edison Phonographs, sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States, \$12.50 to \$125; Edison Standard Records, 35c; Edison Amberol Records (twice as long), 50c; Grand Opera Records, 75c.

The Fireside Phonograph

\$22.00



This Edison Phonograph plays both Amberol and Standard Edison Records. It is equipped with horn and long-running motor, is beautifully finished, compact and convenient. Its purchase means the opportunity of hearing all kinds of music in your own home.

EDISON STANDARD RECORDS play two minutes, and there is an infinite variety of music available in this form.

EDISON AMBEROL RECORDS play four minutes, and are adapted to longer pieces and to those that would be sacrificed by cutting.

New Amberol Records are offered each month together with the New Standard Records—all the world's best music to date.

The Fireside Phonograph can be seen and the Standard and Amberol Records heard at the store of any dealer.

There are dealers everywhere with whom you can make arrangements for purchasing, frequently on the instalment plan. There is no excuse for any home being without good music now.

Mr. Edison has said that he would like to see an Edison Phonograph in every home.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY
12 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Three Generations of Experts



Stein-Bloch use the expression, "This label means fifty-five years of Knowing How." In other words, experience—the teacher of teachers.

Above are three portraits—an old man, a middle-aged man and a boy. These three are working in the Stein-Bloch tailor shop, making Stein-Bloch clothes.

The old man is the boy's grandfather. The middle-aged man is the boy's father. They represent three generations. When the grandfather went to work at the Stein-Bloch bench he was no older than the boy. He learned his trade, handed it down to the father, thence to the boy.

This means the highest development of the art of tailoring—the force of heredity added to lifelong training. It is three times one man's fifty-five years of Knowing How. The knowledge of the past master, the skill of maturity, the enthusiasm of youth.

Try on these clothes at your leading clothier's; remember what you have read—the label embodies it.

Send for "Smartness"—the book of world-wide styles.

It means 55 years of Knowing How



THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops:
Rochester, N. Y.

London:
Selfridge & Co., Ltd.
Oxford St., West

New York:
The Fifth Avenue Building



MINERAL SURFACE—NEEDS NO PAINTING

AMATITE roofs need no painting. The owner need never look at them; they take care of themselves. They are "no-trouble" roofs. They present to the weather a real mineral surface against which storm and wind and snow are absolutely powerless. This surface does not require constant painting like the smooth surfaced or so-called "rubber" roofings. The mineral surface is far better than paint.

Of course before Amatite came, the "smooth surfaced" roofings were the best kind to buy. Now that Amatite has been invented and thoroughly tested by years of use, painting a roof is wasteful and unnecessary. The cost of painting a "rubber" roofing from year to year will soon cost more than the roof itself. That is why everybody who knows about roofing is buying Amatite nowadays. *It needs no painting.*

Amatite is easy to lay. Anyone can do the work. Large headed nails and liquid cement come free with every roll.

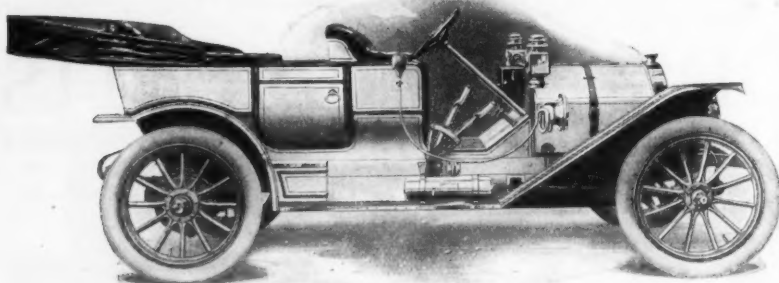
We shall take pleasure in sending you a sample of Amatite with our compliments upon request. Address our nearest office.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
Cincinnati Minneapolis Cleveland St. Louis
Pittsburg New Orleans Kansas City



Buy This Haynes at \$2000



Let the Other Fellow do the Trying Out

"I want a Haynes—a Standard machine. My experience with three different makes of machines that have been owned in three years by my brother and me convinces me that a Standard car is none too good. Let the other fellow do the trying out."

The above is an abstract from a letter just received from a Battle Creek man who has evidently had his "fill" of experimental cars.

And his experience is undoubtedly the experience of thousands of other owners who have "economized" on their first car or two.

Repeated letters of this kind make us seriously doubt as to whether any buyer of a so-called cheap car believes when he buys it that he is getting the kind of a car he really wants.

He may get value received for the amount invested, but unless he gets a smooth-running, easily-controlled, full-power car, and one that is economical to maintain, he is not likely to excuse the lack of these qualities on the ground that he has only a small amount invested.

And it is at this point that the strong appeal of this Model 19 Haynes comes to the buyer.

For here is a car with an internationally-known name, selling at hundreds of dollars less than is asked for any other car with similar reputation, and only a little above the price asked for scores of cars built merely to sell.

It affords the buyer an opportunity to economize on the first cost of his car and also to be absolutely sure of his purchase—a combination that is lacking in so-called cheap cars as it is, in another way, in over-expensive ones.

Everything about this Model 19 is in keeping with the Haynes reputation for superior construction.

It has a distinctly "classy" appearance; it has a motor that has made Haynes cars famous for their smooth-running quality and their unusual power; it has the much-talked-of Haynes clutch; it has Timken roller bearings throughout; it is luxuriously upholstered, and it has an abundance of room.

It has everything you want or expect in an automobile.

And it puts within reach of every automobile buyer the kind of car that every buyer prefers, namely, a car of established reputation—a standard car of known quality.

Whether you buy this car or not, you owe it to yourself to investigate it.

A Haynes car at \$2000.00 is certainly too good a proposition to "pass up" if you are in the market for an automobile.

Mail attached coupon for booklet giving full details of this car and important information as to wherein it is superior to other cars.

Haynes Automobile Co.
114 Main St., Kokomo, Ind.

Please forward literature concerning your Model 19.

Name

Address

Haynes Automobile Company
114 Main Street Kokomo, Ind.

in a small boat, who rowed eight or nine leagues farther up, found that the water was fresh, and returned with a report which forced the commander to admit his defeat. Reluctantly he turned back, and began the journey down the river. He had been eleven days in reaching a point not far above Albany, and it took the same length of time to get back to the sea.

On his return to Europe, Hudson put in at Dartmouth, England, and sent an account of his voyage to the Dutch East India Company at Amsterdam. The directors were doubtless pleased to have saved the eighty dollars which they had set aside for Hudson's wife in case of accident, but they were so disappointed at his failure to find the passage to Asia that they did not think it worth while to lay claim to the land which he had discovered, and it remained for another Dutch company to settle New Netherlands.

Hudson's Last Voyage

IN THE spring of 1610 a number of English gentlemen fitted out Hudson with a ship, which he named the *Discovery*, and he set out again. He crossed the North Atlantic, and on the 2d of August, entered the great bay from which he was never to come out and which now bears his name. Here he was overtaken by the terrible winter of the north, and was imprisoned by the ice for months, during which the stock of provisions was nearly consumed. Hudson thought it wise to keep some of the provisions in his own cabin to be distributed in the smallest quantities which would sustain life, and, seizing as a pretext the accusation that he was not making a fair apportionment, some of his men resolved upon a course more barbarous than outright murder.

When the plan was mature, Hudson was summoned from his cabin, and as he stepped to the deck he was seized from behind and his arms were pinioned. In company with seven sick and maimed men and one boy, he was put into a little shallop attached to the stern of the unfortunate *Discovery*.

The sails of the ship were hoisted, and for a short time the shallop was dragged at the stern, with Hudson sitting patient and immovable. There was hesitancy on the part of the mutineers as to who should actually cut the rope. At last some one's hand did cut it; the shallop dropped astern. Such was the end of Henry Hudson. In an open boat with his eight companions, he was left to make that most mysterious of all voyages, not knowing that the gloomy waters, which were to be his grave, should forever after bear his name, not knowing that the river he discovered should be called the "Hudson," and that, three centuries later, millions of people would unite to do him honor.

Robert Fulton

(Concluded from page 19)

seem to have entertained a wholesome respect for his Satanic Majesty; some of the sailors prostrated themselves on the deck and besought the protection of Divine Providence, and others, more skeptical in their religious belief, ran their vessels ashore and took to the woods.

"Fulton's Folly," as it was dubbed by the wisecracks who had predicted its dire failure, ran one hundred and ten miles in twenty-four hours, and stopped overnight at Clermont, Chancellor Livingston's country-seat. The next morning the boat left at nine and arrived at Albany at five o'clock in the afternoon. On the return journey it came right through to New York in thirty hours. It took the *Half Moon* about twenty-two days to go to Albany and back; two centuries later the *Clermont's* running time for the round trip was sixty-two hours—a very material reduction in the record.

No one claims that Fulton invented the theory of steam navigation; he put together an engine which made such navigation practicable. Other men had tried it with more or less success. As is the case with every great idea, it was working in many minds at the same time. John Fitch made a boat run on the Delaware River, between Philadelphia and Trenton, in 1783. His boat was propelled by paddles, not wheels, and it was not successful enough to be long continued. Fitch was a poor mechanic who did not obtain sufficient financial backing to carry on his work, and he is entitled to great credit for what he accomplished, but we do not honor him less by honoring Fulton more. The latter owed his success to a union of science, genius, and practical knowledge; he could calculate, invent, and execute, which is a rare combination of talent. He also had Robert Livingston's purse to aid him, and Livingston got a very liberal charter from the State Legislature.



This Rubber Sponge FREE

Featheredge Rubber Sponge

Superior to any rubber sponge on the market and infinitely better than the ordinary natural sponge. Soft as silk, no grit, no scratching. Cleanses the skin and acts as a gentle massage. Sanitary, germ-proof, cleans itself, satisfying, cleansing, invigorating. Wears four times as long as the ordinary. All sizes for every purpose of the Toilet and Bath, for men, women and children. Do you know what they will do? Let us show you.

For sale by dealers everywhere. If 4c in stamps is enclosed for packing and postage we will send you without cost a perfect Featheredge sponge and our interesting booklet. Write today.

The N. Tire Rubber Sponge Company
439 E. Indiana Street, Chicago, Ill.



My Best Babies

are raised on

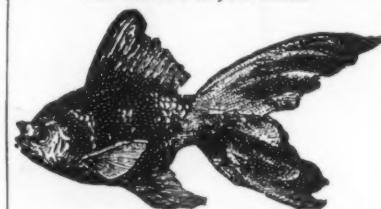
BORDEN'S
EAGLE
BRAND
Condensed Milk

It perfectly solves the infant feeding problem. It is sterile, safe and sure; uniform, economical, simple and always available.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality" New York
Est. 1857

Japanese and Chinese Fancy Gold Fish

that will live in your home.



To introduce them I will ship 1 Japanese Fantail, (shown above), White and Red, 3" long; 1 Chinese Telescope, Black or Red, 4" long and 1 Japanese Comet, All Red, 5" long, for \$3.00. These beautiful fish usually retail at \$1.50 to \$2.50 each.

Safe Delivery Guaranteed in U. S. and Canada. Remit by postal or Express Money Order. No orders sent C. O. D. Send 2 cent stamp for illustrated catalogue. VINCENT SANFORD, 126 Summit St., TOLEDO, OHIO

A GOOD OIL CAN

filled with that famous 3-in-One oil for only 10c. This special offer covers a limited number of cans and is solely to introduce 3-in-One to new people. The can or the oil alone is worth 10c. If you have never tried 3-in-One for lubricating any mechanism, cleaning

and polishing furniture, preventing rust on any metal surface, do it now. Wrap a dime in a piece of paper and mail to Three In One Oil Co., 35 Broadway, New York City.

By return you get the can

Full of 3-in-One

R. H. Macy & Co.'s Attractions Are Their Low Prices

Macy's

No. 896
\$4.96



What kind of Pattern Hat can you buy in the average store for \$7.50 or \$10.00? How about the quality, the style and the general beauty of the Hat, that this or that dealer sells at \$7.50 and \$10.00? You probably know. Now look at the picture of our No. 896 Pattern Hat that we sell at **\$4.96**

It is a modified Gainsborough, of Silk Velvet, dome-shaped crown of moderate height; broad brim, one side rolled up giving a dashing effect; under brim faced with Moire Silk; fold of Silk Velvet around crown terminating at left side at large Jet Cabochon which holds in place two beautiful imported wings. May be had in all the fashionable colors—trimmings in combination colors if desired. This model at \$4.96—is a triumph of millinery economy.

OUR CATALOGUE

From the MACY Catalogue you select the same goods at the same prices which critical New York shoppers purchase who daily visit MACY'S. Our Fall and Winter Catalogue is just out. Send for it. \$5,000,000 worth of merchandise listed, distributed through

85 separate departments of the Largest Retail Store Under One Roof in America

MACY'S GUARANTEE

If any purchase is unsatisfactory, we refund your money at once. MACY'S reputation, established by 51 years of honest, straightforward, business dealing in the heart of New York City, stands back of this guarantee.

Judge us by the values we have been giving for fifty-one years

Write to-day for our 450-page illustrated Fall and Winter Catalogue, with its thousands of articles for your personal and household use. We will send it to you free, postage prepaid.

Write for our free samples of women's made-to-measure suits

R. H. MACY & CO. Dept. 306
Broadway & 6th Ave., 34th to 35th St., N. Y.

To interest and develop your boy—



Give him a magazine of his own—a real boys' magazine, filled with bright fascinating stories by noted boys' authors, history, travel, biography and current events, all beautifully illustrated. Over 250,000 boys are enthusiastic readers of

The American Boy

Parents everywhere endorse it as wholesome and helpful to their boys. Proper sports and games, practical departments of stamp-collecting, photography, carpentry, electricity and other branches of science simplified for boys. Tells just how to do and make things. Send \$1.00 for a full year. (On sale at all news-stands at 10 cts.)

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Reproductions of Famous Paintings, Portraits, and Homes of Famous People, etc., thousands of subjects, size 5 1/2 x 8. One cent each. 120 for \$1.00. Send 2c stamp to pay postage. We will send 2 Sample Pictures and big catalogue with 1000 miniature illustrations.

COLORED PICTURES OF BIRDS
Size 5 1/2 x 8. Each \$1.75 per 100.
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causes pain through the feet and legs similar to rheumatism. You can prevent all this by wearing the



50¢ A PAIR. Your dealer or by mail. Give size shoe.

C & H ARCH Instep Supports
C & H Arch Shank Co., Dept. S-C, Brockton, Mass.

BIG PROFIT MADE GROWING MUSHROOMS

Markets waiting for what you raise. No capital or special place necessary. Grown in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc. Write for big illustrated free booklet showing you how to start. National Spaw and Mushroom Co. Dept. 54, Boston, Mass.

Start Now



Black and White

MR. MURPHY is well known to students of the South by his work and also by his writings. His convictions are clear and useful, and he has been enthusiastically expressing them for many years. His present book is a sort of pause between the preceding one, "Problems of the Present South," and the continuation of these problems which he expects to publish before long. Like all of his work, it is full of correct thinking and fine feeling. To my mind, however, it is less valuable than the preceding volume, because it is all, or nearly all, generalization, whereas in the "Problems" these general principles were implicit everywhere, and were given body and substance by application to concrete situations. A sermon in the air is usually less interesting than a discussion of pressing actual questions with the general philosophy as background. Granted this distinction, however, the new book is worthy of the most serious respect. As an illustration of its fairness of attitude, the following may be given:

"There is, it seems to me, a racial cosmopolitanism which is quite as morbid as the provincialism of the mob, and quite as dangerous (were it ever given its full institutional expression) to the peace of states and the deeper interests of civilization. Men must conduct the business of government not alone upon the basis of their unity, but also upon the basis of their diversities."

Mr. Murphy, of course, sees, as all intelligent and educated Southerners see, that the negro is further advanced in the United States than in any other part of the world, and this perception tempers any regrets he may have about the hardships of the race in this country. He makes the interesting observation that the negro woman, whether of higher or humbler station, is upon a moral level superior to the general development of her people, as is true of the women of every race, and he adds that these standards have moved definitely forward. He sees not only the pressure of the stronger groups upon the weaker, but quite as vividly the injuries of invasion, the injuries which the weaker groups of every sort are capable of inflicting upon the life and standards of the higher. He sees, indeed, with a clear eye, the immense difficulties which confront his people; but he sees them without cowardice or dismay, for, as he puts it, in a really noble sentence: "Those lands which are conscious of a great difficulty are not poor." N. H. "The Basis of Ascendancy," by Edgar Gardner Murphy. Longman, Green & Co., New York.

New York in the 17th Century


FOR all that the modern city of New York cares, its history does not exist. Its people are acquainted with two tenses, the present and the future. Irving wrote his genial burlesque "Knickerbocker History," and if you've read that, you're supposed to know a sufficient amount about the important long period of the city's life in which the Dutch controlled. A reader of Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's lately published "History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century" has suggested that "to the modern rulers of the municipality the history of New York begins with the Irish potato famine of 1846." It is not quite true that the seventeenth century has been neglected by serious historians—there is a flourishing New York Historical Society to disprove so rash an assertion. For the general reader, however, Mrs. Van Rensselaer's two volumes will prove very valuable. They are not dead chronicles. They do lack vivid character drawing—rather a serious defect in volumes dealing with the administrations of such men as Kieft, Von Twiller, and Stuyvesant. But here again Irving's vivid exaggerations have probably led the ordinary reader to expect more than can be produced by the truth-telling historian. The Macmillans publish the two volumes.

Thomas A. Janvier has written for Harper & Brothers a short book about Henry Hudson, which, with Mrs. Van Rensselaer's history, comes out at this time to help illustrate for New Yorkers and others the meaning of the Hudson-Fulton celebration. It contains all the known facts about Hudson, and is well written. J. M. O.

Morals in Modern Business

YALE UNIVERSITY has published in book form the five lectures delivered in 1908 before the senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School by five men,

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Health Underwear



Here's the plain "horse-sense" of Duofold

The inside fabric is cotton, linen or silk. No "itchy" wool next to you. But the outside wool fabric absorbs and carries away the moisture. The air space between ventilates the garment at every move, so that you keep dry and fresh and comfortable.

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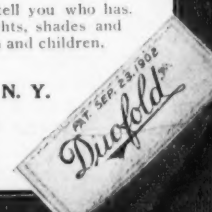
Shouldn't a man have as good care as a horse? Shouldn't you?

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If your dealer hasn't Duofold write us, and we'll tell you who has. Ask for the Duofold booklet, giving the different weights, shades and styles of single garments and union suits, for men, women and children. \$1.25 to \$5 a garment.

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Its Matchless Authority. Its writers include such men of world-wide fame as Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, John Morley, Andrew Lang, St. George Mivart, Canon Farrar, Edmund Gosse, John Stuart Blackie, Leslie Stephen, Edward Freeman, Lord Kelvin, Robertson Smith, Sir Norman Lockyer, Thorold Rogers, Saintsbury, Swinburne, Simon Newcomb, John Fiske, Cardinal Gibbons, John Bach McMaster, Admiral Melville, Thomas B. Reed, Carroll Wright; and these with hundreds of others equally famous give it an authority so overwhelming that it reigns without a rival in the realms of scholarship.

Incomparably Up To Date. Its events as recent as the election of President Taft, the latest airship flights of the Wrights and Zeppelin, the return of the United States Fleet from its momentous world-voyage and the great Italian earthquake.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII OCTOBER, 1909 No. 6

Barbarous Mexico

A series of articles in which important facts about despotism and slavery in that unhappy country are reported for the first time and in which the author narrates thrilling personal experiences.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

This series of articles is the result of a year and a half of study and investigations. The author, Mr. John Kenneth Turner, has visited nearly every part of Mexico; he has penetrated into regions, such as the terrible Valle Nacional, where slavery in its worst form is to be found; he has talked with important business men and politicians. He has gathered his material at first hand, often from officials unaware of the nature of his mission. We have some disclosures that would certainly ruin those who made them if the persons were identified. It will be

Startling News

to most people that slavery exists to such an extent right at our doors that men and women are enslaved for life by the thousands, starved, beaten, and sold. We have supposed Mexico to be in some sense a republic, and not, as we find it, a government more absolute and autocratic than Russia. It has its Siberias—in the hot lands of the South; its spy system, its condemnations for political offenses, and its terrible prisons. The constitution is a dead document. It is a government of the few for the few, with a big standing army to back them. Those at the top have millions and are growing richer, the middle classes are suppressed, discontented, and getting poorer; the lower classes are down near the starvation limit.

Mexico is a great country; rich in natural resources; inhabited by fifteen millions of unhappy people. For the uplifting of the people nothing has been done. Yet they have fostered the democratic idea in spite of persecution, prison, exile, or death.

Concealment No Longer Possible

These things cannot be longer concealed as they have been by suppression of individuals and journals. Our large commercial interests and the closeness of the country make it necessary for us to know the truth about Mexico. Is it said that if the iron hand of Diaz weakens, the state of affairs will be worse than in Cuba in '98. We should not sit in ignorance, for we may have to step on the fuse.

Why have we not known this before? Diaz controls all sources of news and the means of transmitting it. Papers are stopped or subsidized at the pleasure of the government. We know some of the subsidies paid even to important Mexican papers printed in English. The real news of Mexico does not get across the border. Books that truly describe the present state of things are suppressed or bought up even when published in the United States.

A Great Diaz-Mexico Myth has been built up through skillfully applied influence upon journalism. It is the most astounding case of the suppression of truth and the dissemination of untruth and half-truth that recent history affords. But Mr. Turner has by long and often hazardous journeys and investigations got at the truth. As you read the articles one after another, follow the author in his adventures, and see with his eyes how things really are, you will be forced to admit that Mexico the "Republic" is a pretense and a sham.

This series, splendidly illustrated, is one of many fresh additional features in the enlarged American Magazine. The magazine is not only increased to 144 pages, but it is enriched by added illustrated forms on fine plate paper and enlivened by a wider range of articles and stories. In size, in varied interest, in beauty, and in wholesome, refreshing spirit, this number is a good example of a great family magazine.

Buy it at any news stand—15 cents a copy. \$1.50 a year.

THE OCTOBER AMERICAN MAGAZINE
141 Fifth Ave., New York City

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

with a statement of the general object of the course by its founder, Edward D. Page. George W. Alger, lawyer and sane sociological observer, deals with production; Henry Holt, an enlightened publisher and author of a number of remarkable industrial novels, discusses competition; credit and banking is handled by A. Barton Hepburn, head of the New York Clearing House; Edward W. Bemis, an effective lieutenant of Tom L. Johnson in Cleveland, takes up public service; and James McKeen, associated with Governor Hughes in the insurance investigation, talks about corporate and other trusts.

These are men certainly qualified to discover the truth about the relation of modern business and the moral code. None of them is likely to "hedge" in stating his convictions. Mr. Page tells why he was moved to establish the course of lectures. A great lawyer told him that the corruption of modern commerce is appalling. "My office is crowded with those who want me to get them out of the consequences of their misdeeds, or tell them how far they can go along crooked lines without getting into jail." A doctor added his plaint: "Not more than one man in ten is even reasonably healthy." A world like that needed looking into, Mr. Page determined, and young men needed stirring up to the job of reform.

The "professional bias" of the doctor and lawyer, it would seem, must have been strong. As a whole, the five lectures are optimistic. Their authors see in periodical outbreaks against grafting politicians, rebating railroads, and cheating, adulterating businesses a healthy forward tendency. We're cleaner and squarer than when Dickens came over, but, instead of being puffed up with self-satisfaction, we're self-critical, we're keener about establishing a moral standard by which to conduct business.

Three of the five lectures are interesting; they're all sound. The Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut, will furnish the book for \$1.

A Defense of Democracy

"SOCIAL ORGANIZATION," by Professor C. H. Cooley of the University of Michigan, has for subtitle "A Study of the Larger Mind"; it may be described as an examination of democracy and its implications.

He joins issue with the dead-level theory of democracy, advanced by De Tocqueville, in these terms: "The key to this matter, in my judgment, is to perceive that there are two kinds of individuality, one of isolation and one of choice, and that modern conditions foster the latter while they efface the former."

Professor Cooley is careful to point out that much of the present-day criticism of democracy is really criticism of the confusion incident to a period of transition. It is not democracy that is raw and crude, but "our whole newspaper and factory epoch," in which types and ideals are "disintegrated, old ones going to pieces and new ones not yet perfected, leaving the individual without adequate discipline either in the old or in the new." It is this disorganization, and not democracy, which he finds hostile to distinction. "The enlargement of social consciousness does not alter the essential relation of individuality to life, but simply gives it a greater field of success or failure. The man of genius may meet with more competition, but if he is truly great a larger world is his."

In a chapter in "What the Masses Contribute," Professor Cooley argues that the distinguished members of society are isolated from the common life by their success, and hence are not as trustworthy guides in matters of sentiment as those who live in the current of experience. He reminds us that both the Revolution and the Civil War in America were neither so generally nor so steadfastly supported by people of education and wealth as they were by those without these advantages. He thinks that the "crowd psychology" of Sighele and Le Bon can not be applied to a trained and organized democracy. To suppose that the intelligence of a group is the mean or average intelligence of its members, he holds to be as fallacious as to suppose that a college football team represents the average physique and skill of its student body. The group determines the general trend of its sentiments, but it has the sense to adopt the opinions and judgments of experts in matters which are beyond ordinary capacity.

It is hardly fair to the scientific temper of Professor Cooley's inquiry to describe it as "a defense of democracy," and yet to one whose faith in democracy—in popular thinking, popular will, and popular feeling—has been shaken the book offers a heartening corrective. The open-minded person who reads what he has to say is likely to end by feeling with Jane Addams that "the remedy for democracy is more democracy."

Scribner's publish the book. L. C.

34

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WITH SONS AND DAUGHTERS
NOT YET OUT OF DANGER

EVERYBODY

whose hands itch to help clean up our messy municipal and National housekeeping, should get the October **EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE**. Get all the other magazines you choose, but do not fail to get **EVERYBODY'S** for October and then, and every month thereafter, read Judge Lindsey's tremendous fact story

THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

This is no rehash of the doings of the children's court but the almost untellable facts of a fight in the dark,—a death-grapple between the power that demands special privileges to make its dollars earn a dirty dividend, and the vague, struggling sense of right of a community, captained by

A NINETY-EIGHT POUND MAN

Read it, and you shall see for the first time the beginnings of the faint clues that lead to safety, and in Judge Lindsey's patient stalking of his beast, find methods by which **your** local beast shall be dragged into the open and shorn of fang and claw.

Read it, and see how Lindsey, struggling to set up a bulwark between his grimy little criminals and crime, found himself forced into a fight with a desperate chain of dives that found money in corrupting his boys, and ruining his girls.

You shall see how at the first successful blow struck for the children, the real powers of evil, one by one, stuck their ugly heads out of their holes until he found himself facing the organized vice of a commonwealth.

Follow his story and he will show you that whole repellent brute laid bare from snout to tail, with its unbelievable reach from the state supreme court at the top down through politicians, prostitutes, gamblers, and contractors to his tainted, polluted little waifs at the bottom.

All corrupted, all forced to live in daily corruption that a single group of corporations may in their fierce greed let no penny escape.

All stood for, all permitted—good friends in the name of

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(God save the mark)

Judge Lindsey's fact story is only another section (perhaps the greatest) in the work **EVERYBODY'S** has been trying to help along. But with his story you will get a magazine, that stands alone, without class, varied, interesting, brilliant, full of good art and good reading, and as you become familiar with it you will know as its older friends know—that

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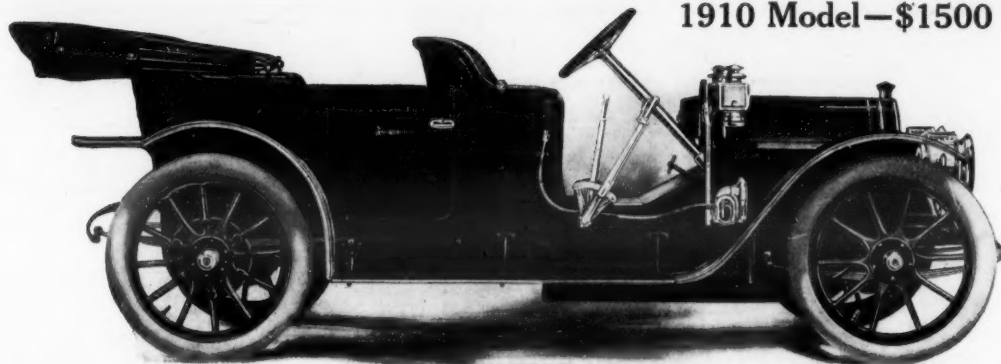
THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

19

Chalmers-Detroit "30" 1910 Model—\$1500

Five Styles:
Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Coupe (Inside Drive)
Limousine



There's an Amazing Demand for the New Chalmers-Detroits

Dealers everywhere are asking for more cars than we can give them—Sample cars have started a carnival of buying wherever exhibited.

On September 1 we had on hand 1,117 individual orders for 1910 "30's" and 256 individual orders for "Forties." These are orders from customers in all parts of the country.

The "800 Disappointed" of 1909 apparently lost no time after the announcement of our 1910 line in providing against further disappointment.

Never has a car received such an enthusiastic reception from dealers and the public as our 1910 "30." Nearly every Chalmers-Detroit dealer, after seeing this unusual car, has asked for an increase in his allotment.

Want 100 More Cars

August 11 we received from the Western Motor Car Company of Los Angeles, our dealers there, the following telegram:

"Demonstrators received. We congratulate you on their splendid appearance, finish and running qualities. Eight hundred people visited our show room Saturday. Everyone anxious for cars. We want hundred more '30's.' Sending check today, \$5,000 deposit on same. Ship fast as possible."

The H. L. Keats Automobile Company of Portland, Oregon, also asked for 100 additional cars over their first contract.

The Carl H. Page Company of New York wired: "We certainly congratulate you on the 1910 '30.' Hundreds viewing it have absolutely no criticism to make. We have booked as many orders to date as we did last year to December 10th."

We heard from the Paddock-Zusi Motor Car Company, of Newark, N. J., as follows: "We can easily dispose of 100 cars of 1910 model. Please increase our order to that amount."

Far Exceeds Expectations

The Barclay Automobile Company of Minneapolis, Minn., says in a letter: "Our '30' demonstrator was unloaded last Wednesday afternoon, and while we and the public in general were looking for something pretty nice, this car, all in all, is the classiest, sweetest running car that it has ever been our pleasure to see. In brief, it exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Can we not have twenty-five '30's' and five 'Forties' added to our 1910 allotment?"

To this letter the Sales Department replied: "It will be impossible for us to increase your contract for any more '30's' or 'Forties.' We are entirely sold up so far as dealers are concerned."

On August 7 the Sales Department wrote Robert Holmes & Bro., of Danville, Ill.: "We are returning here-with your check. We should like very much to be able to increase your contract, but we are entirely sold up, and have been compelled to take this stand with many of our dealers who have asked us to increase their allotment."

Sales Without a Demonstrator

On August 12 the following wire was received from Wanamaker & Edwards, of Findlay, O.: "Sold three more '30's' today. Please ship demonstrator soon as possible."

Dealers must invest money in cars. They would not be clamoring for bigger allotments unless they were sure the cars would sell and give satisfaction.

We do not tell you these facts of a sensational selling season to encourage over-hasty buying. We do not believe in "rushing" anyone into buying a car. If you are thinking of spending as much as \$1,500 for a motor car you owe it to yourself to make full and careful investigations.

We invite the fullest examination. We would like to have you bring an expert with you, if you are not one yourself, when you test our car. Chalmers-Detroit cars more than any others last year were bought by men who through experience and technical training knew a great deal about cars.

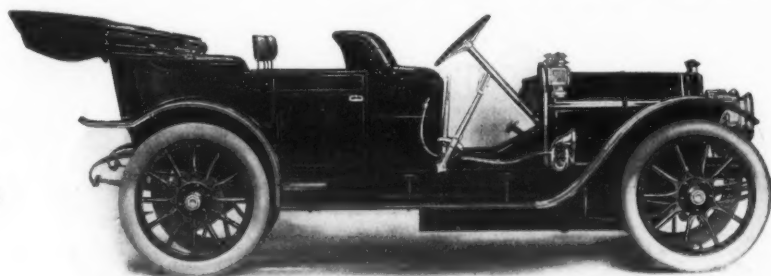
Our 1910 Output Limited

And yet there is one point we would like you to keep in mind: We can build only so many cars for 1910 and build them right.

We can build 3,500 of the "30's" and 750 of the "Forties" and build them right, so that is all we shall build. Whether you want delivery this fall or next spring you should make your inquiries at once, and if possible place your order.

We are selling quality, not price. A certain amount of time, skilled labor and high-priced attention, in addition to good design, and the best of materials are required to make motor cars that will give complete satisfaction to the buyer.

And we would rather make 4,250 cars and know that every one would give complete satisfaction than make 25,000 and have any of them come short of the owners' requirements.



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—\$2,750

We claim that the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is the utmost value that the price can buy. It would be difficult to buy more at any price, save excessive power.

The designer is Mr. Coffin. The materials are the best that men know.

The car carries seven passengers. The lines are exquisite. The upholstery is hand-buffed leather.

The "Forty" will travel any road you encounter, and climb any hill with a road up it. It will go faster than you care to ride. It is immensely dependable and as quiet as night.

More weight and more power mean simply a useless added expense for upkeep. All the world over the tendency of the times is toward medium-weight, medium-priced cars.

Quantity or Quality

Some makers claim that they cannot compete with our prices unless they build from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand cars in a year. Isn't it quite possible that in building such stupendous numbers of cars in order to meet a price that they sacrifice something in quality through lack of care with each individual car?

We encourage the closest comparisons. There may be some who prefer one car out of an annual crop of twenty-five thousand, but we imagine that the majority of discriminating buyers would prefer to have one from a smaller output—one that had been given all the individual attention necessary to insure its perfection. And no car at any price gets more individual attention in its building than our "30" at \$1,500 or our "Forty" at \$2,750.

Costs Less Than Before

These 1910 models, when fully equipped, cost even less than before. For our extras this year have been immensely reduced.

With our "Forty," the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tanks go free. Our Newport mohair top—regular price, \$150—is furnished for \$125. The two extra seats are \$75.

We fit our "30" with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two new style gas lamps—all for \$100 extra. These extras at regular prices would cost \$175.

Our new models are now being demonstrated everywhere. Write us for the 1910 catalog.

Write for our catalog to know all the facts. We will send with it if you desire the names of nearby owners. Ask them what they think. Then let our nearest agent demonstrate a car. You will never then cease to be an enthusiast on Chalmers-Detroit cars. Mail this coupon now.

A Memo to

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Mail your 1910 Catalog to

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Address _____

City _____

County _____ State _____

Collier's, New York

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Members **A.L.A.M. Detroit, Mich.**

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Happy womanhood means happiness for mankind. Mother instinct demands warmth—because warmth is the heart of the home. All know that a bleak house is a house of trouble. Rich tapestries, luxurious couches, and rugs of Persian weave can never cheer the rooms not provided with the soft, pure warmth and ventilation of Hot-Water, Low-Pressure Steam, or Vacuum heating.

AMERICAN & IDEAL RADIATORS & BOILERS

placed in the home will comfort every part with genial, healthful warmth. Throw out the old-fashioned heating and watch the change in womankind. Every modern home is now being supplied with IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators because people everywhere are beginning to realize all the merits of this way of heating.



A No. 3015 IDEAL Boiler and 175 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$125, were used to Steam heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions.



A No. 3-22 IDEAL Boiler and 400 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner \$215, were used to Hot-Water heat this cottage.

Every inch of heating surface in the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators has been designed and stands for one purpose—thorough heating results with least expense for fuel. We do a world-wide business and keep constantly informed as to the needs and developments in heating practice. Hence our product is ever kept advancing, thus meriting the high endorsement of all architects and heating engineers in America and Europe.

Whether your building is old or new, farm or city, it can be heating-comforted without tearing up, or disturbing occupants. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators save heating dollars for the owner, and their cleanliness so reduces housework that the women folks may have and enjoy "many lounging hours." Write us to-day for free book, "Ideal Heating Investments."



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